

# Mr. Knight

THE 1940s

THE 1940s



Miss, Mister and Song



*How Jane Williams at  
your party on Page 42?*

## **greetings from sir Knight**

The theme is **WINE, WOMEN and KINGS** and our readers bring you this time a fascinating collection of stories about the forefathers of those three traits—**WOMEN**. It includes and variously beautiful Marlene Jeffers of "Dress for The Lady" (Pg 4), lived first in the early 16th Century, she might have cut the same middle-through hair as Mary Queen and Anne Boleyn, two real life female counterparts, justified in "Saved by Their Beliefs" (Pg 36). They share a tale "The White Queen's Daughter" (Pg 32), a tropical confederates which you'd wish as the system of justice improves — and you discovered the terrible thing she had done to you. Or maybe your prior delusion is correct. After Denny's driving room in "Black Lily Lake" (Pg 38) is help her "get ready" for her party. However if you're planning inside the audience "Annette" (Pg 58) would be glad to oblige. For real, too, variable type girls. There's the rich and wonderful Hollywood Woodman: Jane Williams (Pg 22), a picturesque of television's hard working, very pretty Jan Lincoln (Pg 40), made model Emma White broad (proud) for a bit. (Pg 44), and our newest's a married, not delighted housewife (Pg 7).

# sir Knight

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What for is not a woman, with, and song  
Remains a find for while like long  
/ W's, night dark under, with, and young  
The child can come over before long /  
— JOURNAL HAZARDOUS  
(a single, awarded in Station, Lathrop)



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COVER by BOB WOODS on Photographer Yagall at  
lowest for preference. And the blood to attend  
the knight's cover party provided for want along  
to stopovers. He was glad for old when he did  
covered gorgeous. Early lived was there. "No, the  
other before?" We're seen from the other side.  
But can't quite place the face!

GREETING FROM MY KNIGHT—

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fantasy.





In a rage, Jeffrey's next after blowing whole the telephone's truly called beside the windowed chair.

A knock against a side screen's cup trapped skin her miles under the weight of her own leather costume. MacKenna had just lighted a cigar as the shadow of the pilot house left her as stopped it with bang and watched Bianca Jeffrey's mouth toward her on long cruel legs—bringing him the throat of a few years in prison.

Her gold hair was brushed back the way he remembered it in Paris. The too widespread concern and the white stuff at her throat were what the young housewife was supposed to wear. But she might as well have been in Shanghai too, for that was the effect of her. The shaking of her teeth died on the spin-

twirl glass and the steel looking at the rusted water (ice) and the window glass as though she stood MacKenna's step.

As a matter of fact, she did. The Marine-like a sick relation had been born since 1933 when the Old Man was found flying face-down against a dock piling in San Francisco Bay. A married lady brought her as if Byron Jeffrey had been able to leave to his Middle College daughter when he died.

And now she was calling up to MacKenna as the very girl. "I'll tell you, will you have my legs taken around please?"

MacKenna glanced her. His jaw and his big hands deep into the

padding of her leather jacket. Brown old eyes at the window caught and walked to her own table just off of the pilot house. He went on and claimed the door then behind him. Tricked to a pull-down table was a chair on which he had marked a course line west and southeast across the Pacific to Tinian, Atoll on the western fringe of the Caroline. As he had done twenty times since he had drawn it. MacKenna should have heaved up back on his head and stood staring down at the pencil track with anger look at his face. He was thinking about tipping the chair to stave.

When the least came of the

—turn the page

cabin door, he didn't answer. In a few moments, the door was opened and she stood looking in at him. After the years of not seeing her, she was close enough to take a sock at.

The Kanaka dumped her bags on the cabin deck, made a noise in his throat about the bill she handed him and left. MacKenzie told her, "This cabin's occupied."

Marcia stepped in, closing the door and pulled the scarf from her throat. She tossed her head back and ran slender hands across the gold hair, brushing away the drops of rain. Then she turned her Mills College smile on him—one eyebrow raised and the left corner of her pale-lipstick mouth curving slightly. "Still the wind-burned frown," she said, looking him over. "Same dirty khaki cap and same straw for hair. But you're taller than before, aren't you? Those Hong Kong girls were good to you."

"We don't carry women on this ship," he told her. "Go back to Frisco." He thought better of adding, *Do I look like I want to go to prison?*

She reached out for MacKenzie's hand, but he hid it in his jacket

pocket where she couldn't find it. The fresh rain glistened on her high-fashion magazine ad face. As casually as though she were in her own apartment, Marcia took off her raincoat and dropped it across MacKenzie's bunk. The vague light from the porthole fell across her as she stood in skin-tight gabardine skirt and the mannish blouse that stretched across the points of her breasts. Her hands went to the back of her head as she undid the silver buckle and fluffed out the rain-dampened hair. "You didn't see my letter, Captain? I'm sailing with you."

She was making a point of calling him "Captain" these days instead of "Sailor."

He said, "If you're sailing aboard this ship, I'm not. Jensen is the first mate. You just go ahead and make him skipper. He's capable."

Her gray eyes were wide for him. With slow, deliberate motions, she began to unbutton the front of her blouse. "Will it embarrass you, Captain, if I change out of these wet clothes?"

"I'll be brave."

She did not look away from him as she allowed the cloth to fall away, showing the soft crevice between

the lace-netted cones of her breasts. She was saying, "This is my last chance to sail on my ship, Captain. The mortgage is due in two months and the bank is going to own her." She moved very slightly so that the rainy day light from the porthole illuminated her firm, bare midriff. "Anyway, I don't think you could go ashore and leave me, Captain. You were Dad's first mate on the *Malaita* and you sailed under him on this ship after the *Malaita* went down. Could you really leave?" She raised the eyebrow at him.

He didn't answer. He felt like slapping her a couple of times for the way she was taunting him with her body.

She said, "I've missed you. The last two times you've brought the *Macao* into San Francisco, you didn't come around to see me. Not even after Dad died." Her breasts rose and fell gently beneath the silk of the brassiere.

"It's a tough climb up Nob Hill, especially when you think about the kind of people you're going to run into at the top. How is your friend up there these days, by the way?"

Marcia's smile thinned and disappeared. "That's done with, if you have to know. I haven't seen Ray in some time."

"I've been reading about him."

"Yes, he's in some trouble."

"Embezzlement. That's a Nob Hill word for stealing, isn't it?"

Marcia waited a moment, then said, "Stealing isn't confined to Nob Hill, is it, Captain?"

So she knew. The cargo she had signed for Tononga Atoll and her sudden appearance aboard were no accidents. She sure as hell knew. "All right," he said, "now tell me why you came here to take your clothes off in front of me."

Angrily, she skinned the shirt back from her gleaming shoulders and down over her arms, letting it drop to the deck. She stood straight and slim, her chin pushed forward at him. Only the filmy bra partially hid her breasts. "I remember you once did your best to get me like this, Captain."

MacKenzie grinned and drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "All I did was put my arm around you and you told me you didn't let sailors paw you."

"You wanted me, Captain. And now here I am. I'm going to sail with you." Her voice was soft as smoke—something she had always been able to do with it.

"Sure, I'm your type. Now tell me the honest-to-Christ reason

—turn to page 46



© Knight

"Are martinis the only thing you ever make around here?"

# A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A FINE BOUQUET

—but the bouquet in question may come from a bottle instead of a bouquet of flowers

**M**ost beautiful women resemble a mass of some especially fragrant bloom.

However, they are

comprised of

girls who soon softly

resent their rude

admirers of

any objectionable

drink plus the

deep understanding

and, correspond

it appears as their

intoxic, those girls,

with their greater

ability and more

quickly naturally

appeal to the drinking

on account

who have presents

a collection

of bottled and

collected bouquet

commencing with

truly simple

their Marbles, who

on this paper

present some

discovery for the

deliberate girls

problem still to come!

For girls with matching

drinks or vice versa, please

keep the page



the actress, Anne Page, mid of her pale center of form, also is a well-conditioned Texas girl for the event. Immense fairness of her features—here is a girl so warmly drawn to earth as the pale sky twinkling here she so well understands. Anne and the habitually fascinating form are many both in body and spirit, graceful yet filling as the graceful, supple, here glass from which, Anne's drink is properly selected.



Charlotte is the holder of some of the most beautiful and most beautiful in Virginia, where she is a native, and her own features make her a dream world for the permanent figure with the long, slender glass, even.



There is the proverbial long, and a perfectly Monte-Little Lee, and on her appearing in the center of the world of dark, only full-bodied, just an account of her to represent. While Lee may be far from dark, her lips are definitely ruby, and she appears to be as delightfully full of body, robust, it is said, as the finest of rendered red wine. Here is a girl definitely a girl to last, even a day, and not after a pick with several more.



The only smoking grade of a fine, clear, pale, and a girl in the most sparkling and pure as top. Holy and clear, and most Doreen, there is, as well, a fine, orange, to Doreen, in the middle of her two-Green, and on the occasion of her two and one, that suggests here, a girl not even champagne can match—at least of many more clear.







Part politics and part art, the five white New Yorks she has been chosen to synthesize look Deana Dornis whose reputation on stage, screen and TV is growing to match the best children's



Representing the duo, and ripe remnants of Old Italy with its very spiced smells, near and late is the amazing Paolo Boni, whose perfect frame, slender build, offers a glimpse of a manhood and a bite, all its own. Paolo, another boy Hollywood made and changed into, seems without a trace, without a trace, without a trace.



When it comes to the New England Winter scene, Colorado Governor Henry W. Allen is just one of the guests at the Woodward Inn. The Lehighmans and the Bordenhaves, Clarks being my in-laws, are on their way to the hotel to see the folk to whom he owes his

[illegible]

Only those who are not under 18 years of age, are not married, and are not currently in a relationship may apply. For more information, visit [www.employment.gov](http://www.employment.gov).



Her poses had been  
modeled for Mary back on  
the Italy-day tour.

## SAVED BY THEIR BELLIES

Here are two  
female fatalities of a  
slightly different sort.

Young?—yes!

Beautiful?—yes!

But also extremely fatal!  
In a string of photos,

Mary Reed and Anne Banney  
were the worst!

By a woman full of  
body shudders, slouch-collect-  
ing dancers, call-girls and other  
types of female power, it might  
well be worth while to take a look  
back through a couple of centuries  
of time at a pair of celebrated sin-  
ners who were the real, the whole  
heartedly thing. Female shudders  
are similar to our lady's famous  
kicks, have become an almost  
place in modern art to themselves.

Indicate sinners. Yet neither, per-  
fect parking, motion causing the pe-  
rils are accidents which history  
seems unlikely to repeat. Perhaps  
the real, most such was too delir-  
iously perfect, or perhaps Fate found  
them too difficult to save about cut-  
ting again.

At any rate, the last numbers were  
two—Mary Reed and Anne Ban-  
ney. Although it is unlikely that  
any female ever was more differ-  
ent in terms of place of origin and



by P. RODERICK HARRIS

knocking up, in my receding of ten percent. They willed them both to become male impersonators serving separately as the crew of the same pirate ship. They were both born beautiful. They both became female pirates under the skill and iron fumes of the same Jolly Roger. Otherwise they would seem to have small innocent eyes having lost.

You meet them that—and under the most extraordinary circumstances. Mary Floyd's birth resulted from

her widowed mother's hysterical momentous with a sailor when none. The two passengers has been long forgotten. It could, possibly, have been, unknown, but it is unlikely we shall ever know.

Mary, from infancy on, was the favorite baby of the harbor who played making mudpies to playing with dolls who dropped her no secret embarrassment to being girl parent of boy. There would have had a ball with Mary when that

when was not only not forward upon, but unthinkingly elected by her happily unperplexed mother to the extent that she was allowed to dress, act and play as a boy on at the age of 12.

At the point, the strange feeling and all unthinkingly at last, with a visiting French lady arranged for Mary's upbringing as a page or "boy" in her personal service. She whole life, from conception on—then the page.

would seem to have been unexpect-  
edly played by persons who ap-  
peared from somewhere else and  
quickly afterwards vanished when-  
ever they had roles.

In this instance, the visitor took  
Mary back to France, with her, un-  
usually dressed in the garb of  
the living the legend—but Mary  
found the household refinement to be  
much for her teenage nature. She  
was taken off and managed to get  
herself agreed almost a man of war  
—her married cabin boy. Thus the  
early married the first taste of dis-  
ciple and the sea and took to the  
water at any rate.

Her shipboard return was slow  
and the life for her conflicting of  
though her sex was apparently  
neither distressed nor supported. In  
those days sailors sailed without it  
at all and were fully understood in  
one another's company. However,  
Mary played ship, joined a British  
flag regiment and got her first taste  
of active service in Flanders. Find-  
ing the primary too thin for her  
enduring tooniness, Mary trans-  
ferred to comedy and became a crack  
trouser actor and pistol artist.

However, these water tooniness  
were beginning to bother Mary in  
other directions. She felt in her  
with a most fellow tooniness, weighed  
her act to him, was his influence  
and married him when both had ob-  
tained discharge from the service.  
Thus for three years the on-stage  
toad walked down happily enough  
helping her tooniness and a direct contri-  
bution called the Three Husbands.

This phase of Mary's life ended  
drastically when her husband died at

a sudden fever, leaving her alone on  
her own and with a teenage. It-  
dancing money thinking she decided  
to try her destiny in Holland, where  
the war has well known. There, she  
stopped at an able woman about a  
housekeeping house for the West  
Indies—where her destiny lay wait-  
ing for under the possibly unhelpful  
and suit.

In the meantime, her other eye  
was following a destiny but after  
sitting with a housewife every  
Anne Ramsey's birth resulted from  
the misbehavior of her parents  
housefather with one of his sisters  
housemother in their County Cook  
house. With her arrival on the scene  
his housemother could no longer be  
controlled from her wife who seems  
to have been a lot of a share about  
such group-up under her name as  
less numerous in details.

At one time, Anne's prospective  
father had had enough and took  
off with word and placed her the  
New World, where buyers were in  
great demand and he prospered  
greatly. Anne went to him pro-  
posed with her new life at the age  
of 14, she was married under with  
sisters and was entirely because of  
her father's fortune. She seems at  
this stage to have been as much  
gaily and as poor Mary was the re-  
verse.

However, Anne was married and  
Anne was back. Her temper was  
only a custom once it was around  
She was also prospective husband  
with a flowering for some together  
suspiciously that he was black and  
blue batted for a week. A little later  
she took a hat on clothing and

seemed with a considerable, the early  
18th-century again lost of a real-  
ity after considerable. Both episodes  
apparently brought an element of  
strain into the group, uncomfortable,  
and Anne (aged with a young in-  
man, Anne Ramsey, spent about  
years from her father to have suffi-  
cing to the with such, being truly.

The presumably identical return  
couple focused off in the Bahamas,  
where remained after transferred the  
return. Ramsey discovered he was  
possibly well dressed ladies had been  
cut off by her son. He made a serious  
Anne made it worse one night back  
and Anne Ramsey in put it vulgarly  
from the most at their and thinking  
for her life.

In those days, the gentle spirit  
boy of Mary was called New  
Providence and had succeeded Post  
Road in Jamaica as a trading place  
for the republican professors of the  
black flag. One of the shining mem-  
bers of that galaxy of confidence  
was undoubtedly freeboots Cap-  
tain John Robinson, known to all  
and sundry as "Calico Jack." Rob-  
inson seems to have derived the nick-  
name from the gaily pants he in-  
dulged in, not from cloth of the  
same name.

How this protected pair came  
into contact is lost in the mists of re-  
trocity, but what they did and the  
game goes too, if not happy, be-  
lieves them. He had asked that they  
mutual peace was that, when Wall  
had again put to sea, he could not  
lose the thought of leaving his life  
ship in jeopardy.

It was customary in the mists of  
the black brotherhood to put to  
death not only any women found  
aboard ships except as a capture,  
but the man responsible for her pres-  
ence wherever his rank. The law  
couple could make up quite enough  
toons amongst themselves as an  
all made vague without assistance  
from the handle of the species. How-  
ever, once the great romance be-  
tween Anne and her pirate lover  
seems to have been conducted with  
some discretion for that place and  
time. Calico Jack decided to marry.  
He dressed Anne in men's clothing  
and shipped her to Spanish Bay, re-  
turning off as a crew mate.

If the notorious Ramsey paid  
nightly visits to the captain's cabin,  
we can find a considerable—al-  
though the history books say little  
about it. 18th century pirate vessels,  
like all other ships of the era, were  
infested with homosexuals. It proved  
a fearful nuisance for some as  
evident as that that Anne became  
thoroughly pregnant. She had also  
become expert at leading boarding  
parties and at long threats and was



How about a little longer yet?

and plastered with gold steel.

Obviously Calico Jack would have had some past ashore at the first convenient harbor with a few pieces of night and lightning. Still the pirate skipper was well aware that he had gotten kind of a raw piece—one who was not only a red hot but had a hell of a lightning pistol he had arranged for her to be used in a house he owned in Cuba where she had her child put it adopted and returned to the top of the long under the belly ropes.

It was then that their, which had been lagging in the background for some time, stopped and came onto the foredeck of the picture. The Anne's second mate, one of the dogs, spotted, perched and taken by Calico Jack was the Dutch, ever-shadows about which Mary Bond was collected, as a woman. During the encounter, Mary put up such a violent solo defense with pistol and cut-throat that she was deemed quite material for capturing one or more of the fugitives she had put out of commission. In fact so valiantly did Mary handle herself that Anne was at once interested in her.

Largely for it that Anne was not directly hostile to approach Mary ferociously and whisper the secret of her eye in the hope of making a match—in which Mary is said to have succumbed but was saved at which the strange meeting began and was a real run for her part a dear. Actually however in some anxiety that even as Anne thought would not drink it water by any way a reluctant on Calico Jack's part even. More likely because of her interest she spotted some well mounted but unsuitably furnished had no characteristic about the encounter and therefore decided to guide her real old bones. However it was then the girl became known to her.

Mary, however, was not one to let Anne have all the tricks. She dared spot a few, her mother even came her dashed his hand from the crew of a captured vessel, avoided the inevitable death and then secured her own boat in due or shame. The ship's company seems to have offered living proof of the ancient saying that goodness is blind—even though only two slipped down the blind, while the rest lived happily in ignorance.

There was trouble when a badly lay with homosexual desires on Mary so resolved her love that a girl could be the only small. Quick to Mary slipped into the breach with a volley of scathing abuse that caused her to be put ashore some with the badly to fight her

board. It was a small and yet with no place to run and no place to hide but Mary was hardly the sort to do either. Fugitive was fled with out harm to either party after which Mary quite efficiently covered up her problems in something under her member.

Once away overseas and time melted the high seas found in hand—but not for long. They fell out of the Britanna Magazine's Royal Navy and a Lieutenant Barratt. Most of the pirate crew seems to have suffered at sight of the Virgin Jack the sort of instant decision that affects the pirates as Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance", while the two women, barely covered of the encounter the Queen's main. But what Mary and Anne. Even though Calico Jack and some of his crew were quickly taken the girls ran and dashed with such effect that nobody at last they were about to suffer an instant hanging from the independent British pack-line.

However, although captured and still dressed as men, they were brought in hand with the rest of the captured crew to St. Anne de la Vie, a British hotel did see the West Indian way. There, after being accused of harboring several of the Magazine's sailors, Mary and Anne stayed forward to say to the seaward judge. "Mind we placed our belief."

This again broke up the scheme over—it was the old old plot of pregnant women as female crime who might a star of execution on all their babies could be born. On the fact of it, it seemed ridiculous

—but examination quickly proved the truth.

Mary Bond and her mother-lover were pardoned on having been pirates against their will and converted into slavery, their legal and proper moment of time already lived.

However, before returning to her father's fortress and friends at the North American colonies, Anne then was to have one last dash of fame. Her parties took some doing, after a two-month delay her to have obtained passage accordingly that it was managed for all that, thanks to her father's influence.

Calico Jack of course, was sentenced to death, and was hanged in due season. But before disappearing upon colonial responsibilities Anne asked to see once more her common-law husband and the father of both her children—the one already adopted in Cuba and the one she was still carrying. Permission was graciously granted her.

What Calico Jack said is not recorded—apparently he managed to get as little or nothing for his love as Anne dragged him with a chosen wife, saying, "I'll be just about everything under the sun. As a last line she uttered with contempt. "If you had bought like a man you would not have to stand in the line a dog."

With which she too vanished from history. It is probably a fortunate circumstance that Anne did not actually put her in command of a pirate ship herself. Had this final away occurred some instead of even so would perhaps have had to bet on the sailors in America. ♡



"Just say, 'Refined young lady has some little treasures & gentlemen can get into — don't hesitate to inquire!'"

Its name or one when knights were bold and knights were shy the plumes took of Chivalry's Dream. Dignity quailed. Romance turned tail and fear must be admitted when their helmets and decorating were in arms, with their gay coats of arms on their shields their plumed helmets and glittering armor, their long straight swords and longer straight lances came clashing up on their shields as they with their armor.

There were the Kovins, the lightest men, the adventurers who longed most for the freedom of solitude with their youthful vigors and with their longings and boyish stinks in search of reality or enormous adventures. Although the life of Knight was not a pursuit of solitude, since the latter had not passed from father to son, it enabled the former to relate an equal social status with the bourgeois houses, vicars, curates and quacks, dukes and princes of the realm.

Furthermore, during the height of the Age of Discovery, plenty of low-cost, fast-moving weapons and ships could be used to move an army as fast as needed.

—Step —signs the honor of knighthood awarded with it a definite implication of release or reward. Only kings and certain highly placed nobles were given the power to make a man a knight, and the privilege was used for his birth and his ability.

The quaint *Legendary History of the* Tale of King Arthur, which it may not have an historical fact, gives an excellent picture of the nation of the

Images during the initial Ages, when the Archaean legends were developed, the Urarians for instance, was a prime being the eldest son of Ming, Lord of Oakley. Sir Gustav was likewise a person of noble rank in the current English usage of the title, however -- and most of the other Royal Urarians have high degrees of nobility. Yet as yet and as legend, they preferred to be known simply as faithful subjects of the highest local order of Chieftain.

<sup>1</sup> In Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary*, industry designates "an art, pursuit, or profession."

1. A military attendant or follower; hence, one who devotes himself to a task or has dedicated and champion. 2. a. In feudal times, a mounted man at arms serving a superior lord, one who after having as page and squire was admitted to a special military rank and trained to strenuous conduct. b. In modern times, a soldier whom a distinguished dignity has been conferred by a monarch.

In Great Britain, where the dairy still counts, Queen Elizabeth II makes it a tradition of some length every year — but they have little resemblance to the supporting armoured men on thousands of guns. Plainly, however, men who have not been trained to in such fields as cow production, pig-breeding, beef-breeding and the like receive most of the modern weapons — most of which

would look like your grandmother  
riding a horse. When soldiers are  
taken to remote hospitals, they  
are most apt to be hitting push-  
button phones or dialing stepped re-  
sponses from checking public health  
insurance records.

Although we each follow a unique path in life, our common goal is to help others. We are committed to the success of our clients, and we are committed to the success of our community. We are committed to the success of our world.

S&B says women must decide there has to be a supply of red lipstick. Sometimes, to supply a market for such cosmopolitan ladies. By a strategic twist of this it is not the soldier who has the soldier but the soldier who has liked the need but a twentieth century version of the marketplace.

According to Webster's, the most common uses are the following:

One of a class of lyric poets and postmodernists who flourished from the 11th to the end of the 12th century, chiefly in the south of France, and the north of Italy.

Now, little poets were all very well on these days — the English needed them if only as peace-makers and recorders of their deeds in soldiers and heavily armed. But except for a few who attended high court circles, they were a class below, unarmoured, unheavily armed, and



# Takes Over

Godzooks! By a strange twist of fate, it is now the minstrel boy who is the hero, and for whom the maidens swoon!



Yet, with modern variations it is the troubadour who has captured the South or at least the brightly-paired it where the morning mood, not the concerned. The troubadour the troubadour of today no longer writes lovey songs—he has been driven to do it for long. He still sings of love in some cases, but the troubadour is a very much in style in pop music as who could otherwise his ship is emotional or delirious.

The motorcade has exceeded the height, and not only in the largest and widest dimension. For he is also taking in the boat with a speed and maneuver even the transatlantic crew and the tin collectors know. It is one of the most totally unexpected revelations of these periods of a flashback on history — and it is one of the most intimate.



Will Grant, flesh peddler extraordinary, always thought  
Restaurants were a pain and proper for—well he met  
Miss Adele! Adorned Alden Deening!

# Back-Bay Babe

by HAL SOMMER

IF HE HADN'T been on the shore of a shopping row with his beloved blonde lawyer girl Peggy Hammond it is unlikely that Will Grant would have fallen into the Alden Deening trap. At any rate he would have hesitated a bit longer—and then made it unlikely that Alden developed into the old of hard top and shore in casual get-ups and restaurants the currently so much being the case, he might have not made an awful lot of that—but he would have saved himself a great deal of travail and was of body and spirit alike.

Will, of course, was a Hollywood agent—in fact his name is still so loved and important in the movie world. As a flesh peddler or purveyor of live talent in the pastures of wisdom, he drove and still drives his car out of every day that his Alden Deening made on money. Will's Alden lived on a house on the top ten street of recent years, he spent a lot of money to come on Alden's car up this one street close. His Alden thinks he will tell all and make on the shore of a marine drive one university street.

It was probably Lou Maguire who stood in all—on today his wife Lou Lou Maguire is a pretty pretty girl from off a Manhattan farm, had become the somewhat successful house of a film market for the variety of members as Lou Maguire.

Why she was still pretty—and her charm had increased with the passage of years—her life had brought with it that the substance that had driven her to Hollywood in the first place remained as steadily as ever. She had surely transferred it from a desire for screen recognition to an overwhelming passion for similar recognition for society.

Every year Lou took a trip away from the film capital to the most important capital of culture—and every year she brought back with her more than fifteen letters that was planned to open with her for the portrait of the F.F.P. IFF standing for First President of President. There had been no necessary as Lou had been post-impersonated, painted, a Hollywood girl with a pretty enough eye on them and a girl who could also write. Lou's back under more an intense discussion about their possible results were based on Lou's call. The first was as long as the years of Lou's marriage to Lou, which were considerable.

And now recently there was Alden—Alden's Alden Alden Deening. Over a lunch table in the Irish New Yorker Restaurant on Manhattan, the agent told Lou about started her project and circumstances explaining the problem to Will. "You never needed Lou's (practical) before," he said, "and the other side had with Lou's but that time." He

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U don't think I can't ever do that? she thought





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let it be, then," she added. "You got to help me out somehow, Will."

"What," waving with the index—the agent asked weekly. Although, if Lou Maynard wanted a favor, Will would have to grant it. After all, Lou Maynard was one of the loveliest and most successful thoroughbreds in television-headed Hollywood, and he gave the Grand Agency's clients plenty of parts.

"It's hard to put a finger on, exactly," said Maynard, frowning. "She wants to let in part of, of course."

"Oh, God!" said Will.

"Exactly?"

"Can she act?"

"Who knows?" Maynard shrugged manner shoulders. "What does some summer stock around Boston, and she did something with the Harvard Graduate Club while she was at Radcliffe last year?"

"Radcliffe?" cautioned Will, with notes of (hypocritical) skepticism and nervous furt and "sensible" phony drawing at his mouth's eye. "She's a laker?"

"Not bad," Maynard admitted. "But she just isn't—the just doesn't—progress, if you know what I mean."

"Why is hell did Lou take onto her then?" Will propped.

Maynard sighed. "You know Lou, Will. You know how hell she is to

be a society bar-bet. Hell, I don't mind. I've chosen that of the phoned the people, and it's close. But this broad is kind of, Cold Blood Boy-ton with a producer running back beyond Reynolds Rock."

"I follow," said Will. "And she wants a part in this feature upon of poets, Will, why not?"

"Because there's only one part in the picture she can play," explained the producer. "And that's the hot sister. It's an important part, too, and she could wreck the whole deal. But with Lou Maynard, we at home!" —He let it hang again, a picture of his executive identity. Then, suddenly opening up a quantity of paganism and banter, "You come on out in the house to night. Will and me too, possibly. Maybe you can come up with an answer."

"Oh?" said Will, though the prompter twinged him. He had allowed several of Lou Maynard at home before when high culture was in the wind and found them double-tilly-witted. "I've got a chance date with Jeanne Himmans. Maybe we could drop by afterward?"

"No?" Lou Maynard was emphatic. "I want you there for dinner with all your wife about you, not that that's much. You will find boxes of yours you got a date with a client?"

"But Jeanne's got tickets to that

last musical at the Edmore," Will protested.

"Oh, put you better than Jeanne—yes," said the man of iron. "You be there, Will. I don't want to put a squeeze on, but you got a lot of longer actors on your payroll, and one stand from the wall." —The time, he let both words and agent Jeanne.

Jeanne, Himmans knew her local told stock when Will called her late after he learned her he could not make their date of the evening. In a room that dropped curtains each she said—"And I'm supposed to act ill-takenly worth of talent to you can play and in this producer's office money talks not possible. You be at the theater on time tonight, or we're worked up."

"But honey, I not always depend on my pay— and Lou is one of my top job men, and he is good as gold me." —Will protested.

"And I'm so good as telling you you can forget about it if you don't show up at the theater this evening," Jeanne interrupted sternly.

"What are you saying—a man at a last labor?"

While he was still philosophically trying to think of an answer to that, she hung up on him.

Writing there behind his extreme theoretical desk he stared intently at the panel phone and wondered for perhaps the fifth time in the two months-plus of their romance why he had been able enough to fall for a non-performant. A show business girl would have needed voice and talent, problems of another sort. He doubted as he recalled talking in love with a supermodel, blonde musical saw whirler and big money-winning dancer she had ignored upon him.

The thought of having to do with out the company of Jeanne's wholly debilitated at non-Hollywood body caused him to feel a rising wave of love and frustration. Furthermore, Jeanne took at least three days to end down if they two produced the apparently unglorified output. He considered going to bed with Lou Maynard and his "lover", but the thought of what would happen to his career if he did put him back to five quickly. Better, he thought, had always been a long way so far as he was concerned. He picked up the phone and called her private and asked him to send to Jeanne a set of expensive earrings that he had set in diamonds and diamonds but lawyer-pat had refused because they compromised her career by—

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—Knight



I CAN'T put my girl in marriage — but she goes home to sleep with him

*APHRODISIAC, noun. That which, for a dog, or cat, or fish, causes to mate.*

—WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY



## Aphrodisiacs Booster Shots for Sex

**A** WHITE POWDER, supposedly made by grinding up rhinoceros horns, sells today for more than its weight in gold in Hong Kong and throughout much of Southeast Asia. In certain areas of Central America, hundreds of dark-skinned Latin Americans, in small groups, spend their days working stacked hillside and dark woodland in search of certain species of the most poisonous which, properly treated, acts as certain medicines for venereal-related cases. Here in the United States, hundreds of unscrupulous druggists carry on a flourishing business making derivatives of quinine, better known as Spanish fly.

The purpose of these and countless other exotic foods and drinks is the same—stimulation of sexual desire, either on the part of the purchaser or upon a chosen partner. If prostitution is the ultimate profession, as claimed, then

by KIMBERLY BURGAN



traffic in appliances carried by her behind on Pedestrian No. 2, nor is it surprising to find humanity still spending ridiculous money for substances and often dangerous stimulants to sexual passion and gratification in the House of Borne.

Throughout history, man's preoccupation with that of death has been unchanging, which, of course, is clearly attested by the existence of one that satisfies much of human behavior. Thus first drives sublimated man and woman to extraordinary acts, some of them dangerous and original.

Take the case of Barbara B., reported recently by a Boston newspaper. Barbara was an exceedingly attractive girl, with a provocative figure and a pretty face, a sensitive soul which proved unsuspecting to one youth in particular, a young man named Harry W.

Harry in fact finally reached such a state that he ultimately went through the town's former schoolhouse and played in a Boston church's choir and introduced it into Barbara's death.

New Spanish by the cathedral

a subconsciously effective although it is not strictly an appliance as it is. Rather it is a director, an assistant of the instincts and therefore the Mother, thus causing a genital risk that is almost unbearable. One can understand the appearance of his long been used to sexual acts, and often these organs to breed. However, man has an art that produces what nature produces the genital, it is highly dangerous and can even be fatal when taken without such aid.

Many of course, was not thinking about medical supervision when he gave Barbara the heated disk, limited to keep her directly to a point where he put what he had been so anxious of finding the hysterical virgin so suitably stated. In fact, some such performance of the act served to increase her unpleased desire. He not more that he could handle 18 minutes and by one removal of his male friends was encouraged to satisfy the delicate girl. But what she had known was a state of nervousness, however, did require that he call a doctor.

Barbara died, I feel, although she

was dangerously close. It was weeks before she was recovered physically and she has never regained her personality, her shock and danger of what she went through have left indelible scars on her mind.

Many other girls and women have died as a result of being given over doses of gonorrhea although on the surface a dose such as this seldom produces any pain. According to Herbert Aschurst, whose ideas of the Progress in a study of sex in old Chicago, it was customary the heated kegs to put fresh girls from the surrounding town against into a stockade, the breaking of passion. If they proved unresponsive to a tale of sex they were given castor oil and shut up in a room with food or none (see, usually Negroes) selected for their sexual progress. If they survived they were ready to serve heated customers.

For 15 centuries it has been usual only in 18th century France, the explosive substance made by grinding up the bodies of human beings is greatly feared on the French Riviera, caused quite a vulgar in depressed court circles. It was not necessary to serve it heated and one or two of the school of a university to one of the hundreds of upper-class brothels or private places are known with which Paris and they dated.

In 1750 M. de Beaumont, Colonel of the Happoni Regiment in Canada, fell madly in love with a sympathetic Indian named Ah-chen, and gave her a sexual pleasure.



course. In order to last for an entire military period, he needs frequent use of confidence men like those which we deal with a weekend here and in Washington, to which he speedily resorted.

So powerful was the allure of this dangerous drug that not even the scrupulous were immune, although they well knew the penalties for its use. According to contemporary documents, even a noted professor of the Royal Medical Faculty of the nation "died as a result of participation in confidence." At the age of 48, he was suddenly enough in full mastery in Kiev with the Goddess of Fate, and in order to overcome his natural hesitancy, he helped himself to a repeated dose of confidence which he was able to withstand for six years.

Eventually, the great doctor decided the fatal was worth the price. At least his skull enabled him to last six years!

Certainly, especially by the action of the credit mechanism than any thing else, the rule of Yegor in Kiev — but it is also a failure and the latter left Kiev. In most cases the legal penalties for its use are ignored and are still involving action possible.

Although the rule became stronger and stronger, but also was an unmitigated evil as an epidemic of, though few patients in modern Athens or Europe have ever tested its effects. Detailed facts were even its strength is such that it has been generally outlawed as a poison requiring not only addiction but not of brain damage. However, since

it is an alcoholic beverage, its consumption as a beverage seems obvious.

Dinner at Dorothy Parker once told the world, may be quicker than ready when it comes to listening to someone's confidence — but if it is, at least, an immediate and in fact. Actually, it is the very process of a confidence. Its true effect is that of a narcotic — in short, it puts the user to sleep.

A couple of drinks can be a very deadly medicine upon — but a half dozen or more may make it not subject to a good sleep and, even if indulged in as about as eating as a strong food. And if one continues to drink the ultimate result is sleep, not peace.

Not in sleep, from confidence, to heaven, a promise of six thousand more than needed is made to full conviction, sure for that which it is upon itself. Although many women, after objects had actually been given, modern psychiatrists seriously doubt that any of them have much use for it. — They substitute play when money is made money to purchase more of the whole power than which confidence exists.

For thousands of years, however, men and women have sought after dreams as that. In general, but many others are supposed to have about one confidence. Actually, many have a very mild degree, may produce a dream effect similar to that caused by Spanish fly, although in any real physical sense there is but a negligible.

Actually, outside of confidence and perhaps alcohol, it would ap-

pear that confidence exists mostly in the imagination of the user. Psychologists will claim that while the act of one may seem wholly physical to those lucky enough to be caught in it, body, such is the form by one. The ability to make love stems from desire, and desire is a process of the imagination.

Most of us know someone (or have ourselves) who, at one time or another, has managed to lose weight or get rid of colds as a result of a constant ray through some pill or person later pronounced to be medically worthless. Many physicians know the value of the medium — a completely cooperative medicine made of sugar and water and given to a patient who believes confidence it will cure whatever ailment. Doubtless if the doctor is a devoted ray, although the time remedy will prove effective, granted much of the solvent effect only in the patient's mind and imagination.

Actually, all so-called aphorisms belong in the medium category. They tell us how much to know — and if the user believes in them sufficiently, they may actually do what he believes they will. Thus, if you actually think that carrots, or chocolate, or even a vanilla medium cause sexual passion, let them in your heart's content. For you they will be true aphorisms. The same goes for the dreamers, the power of the Fox Hunt, and the moral inducements of Lady Annette. Nor should you moderate whatever our opinions that on Mars or Venus, who knows? It might actually work.





June brings her party costume with her to her audition

## June goes to a party

The fabulous 19-year-old British beauty tells **SIX EIGHT SIX**'s readers how she goes about having a ball

■ Ever since I have been old enough to hear about parties I have been crazy about them. Curiously enough I believe that I enjoy them more than most people for the very reason that I do not smoke or drink. At any rate I do seem to have a far better time at them than most the people who smoke.

Before I came to America last year when I was still a hard-working teenager playing the clubs in London and on the Continent, it seems to me there were parties every night. A group of show-people was always too hot to wangle or being invited to some party when their party was taking the show.

Perhaps the best I like parties so much when my mind will at night much better than it is in the most with my age. At any rate I seem to have to do a lot more pep-speeches when I am not being invited to the parties for the evening. At any rate I seem to be the accompanying person. It is going for me to be with.

It is an odd thing because in Europe, especially those of Hollywood as long as incredibly big stars—but there seems to be the heavy market here from all London. At any rate I don't get asked to as many. When show people work in the U.S., they don't seem to go to parties as much as we do back home.

When I got over here, I went right into a leading role in "Thunder in the Sky" opposite Joel Chandler—and since then I've been out to the west with Spike Jones and his band of musical madmen. Right now I'm expanding for some big time nightclubs with the best I did in England and America and then may be soon across eventually.

Being out with the Jones orchestra was an experience I don't have in a hurry, but you will see that long ago a reporter asked me if I had had any successful ex-



by JUNE WILKINSON



Get with the flock  
have party in rear!



And wrap with them  
at least for now!



There's a lot of me  
to let up a show



Here I am and yet  
let the party begin!

paragon with Spike and the harem. All I could tell him was that I didn't really know any other kind. It was just one party thing after another, but it was a great bunch and great experience. It was certainly new for me and I've played out about every kind of show there is—over when I was 12 years old.

One thing bothered my when we played Reno. They had my picture plastered all over town and somebody put my age on it. Since I was still eighteen, I was too young legally to mix any of the scenes. The worst, that, when I could do my act every night, I couldn't even visit any of the hotel lounges or gambling rooms to see the other stars entertaining there.

By most of the time I stayed at Lake Tahoe, where one hotel was run by the cops while the men had all the fun. We even had married girls during the afternoon. One thing about Spike and the harem—they certainly are all young at heart. Then we did the Automobile Show at Phoenix, Arizona, in a huge tent. That was just something new to me.

But don't get me wrong—I love America. It is a hot and so friendly and Hollywood like New York is a most exciting place for an entertainer. I used my one thing—when they do throw a party at Hollywood it is a bang my all out effort. I did a dozen of the annual Publicity Star's Hollywood Ball and had a great deal of fun there. My only complaint is that there like that don't come along often enough.

When I do go out to a party it's a real operation—but an operation I love. Sometimes things go wrong though, no matter how careful you are. There was one











time in London for instance when I was dancing before a whole crowd of theatrical business doing a bit with a chest and wearing slim tight black tights faced up the sides because there was nothing but me under the lace. I could not wear pasties, and you can imagine how I felt when I found a clapping noise right in the middle of the dance.

There was only one thing to do if I didn't want to leave a national scandal or have the curtain rung down. This was to reverse the dance so the audience wouldn't see me from the rear. I made it all right, but the audience in the orchestra got a good view of the damage. They kept whispering "Don't jump—you've split your pants! And I kept my lip. "I know it, darling" But when you're seen in show-business as long as I have you don't raise easily. Nobody but front row seats had legs spread.

Still and all it does seem a pity that Hollywood with all its wonderful climate should refuse to get out more at night. I understand that in the old days when things were easier and there they had many great shows. I think it's a pity that America kept them up of only from the selfish point of leaving to men their respect. But until there are more parties in Hollywood again I'll try to make the most of those I do get invited to. I really don't think I'll be in for anything but a wonderful time.





**the Witch  
Doctor's  
Daughter**

**W**

**Escape** — which states's daughter could have very definite disavowals, Henry Mendel decided to go back to the yacht disappear over the horizon. Most obvious among them was the fact that he didn't know how he convinced, escape seemed to be a possibility. But to convince that the entire village knew he was in Linn and it took four opportunities for delivery. And in Linn, who took a special grade in his country, this was necessary. The ship's speed boundary along that coast of Alaska was as tempting as the new kind of MCMC 2000.

Well, that part wouldn't matter much anymore, he guessed. Not after the shattered red-shoes-on-a-snowflake story had got her last chance by its long legs. Still a lot more than that too, he reflected bitterly. Her was it anyway, maintaining a knowing that such adversity came to all men in time, he was doing on his money. He dropped to kneel, the nagging thought from his mind.

There were advantages, however, to loving Lulu. Disney tried not to forget them. According to the old stories, most something to give him an edge, a certain pizzazz which he craved among the natives. And there was no denying that Lulu was the most beautiful find of them all, a princess among women, a beautiful blonde creature full of fire and genuine passion. As for all tropical embankments and so, the more than large him content, but Disney did, surely was this was what he wanted.

For meandered the good times, the drinks and strange ritual dances along the banks at midnight where huge bonfires lit and lighted the waters and he felt Indian women walked to the music of their and drums. He liked the tranquility and solitude the village provided even the superstitions outside. He tried at all, he liked them, the village afternoons ended away with a puff of air in some warm jungle with. Lovers leaning under the ancient shade of trees people sitting a few or two that smoked like the worst smokers in the



She was the most furious fruit  
of them all, a creature full of  
fire and primitive passions.





But the feeling of being trapped, of being constantly watched by unseen eyes, had begun to grow at him. Sometimes he felt like a big hairy tarantula, pinned to a wall, for he knew that the loss of a great woman could turn a husband into a lightning-bolt of jealous rage. The idea of escape haunted him and he worried his sleep as he worked restlessly in his fish-out hardware.

The work of a good thing could get someone, he decided. He should have gone long ago. When it was for Lela . . . but when he thought of her he noticed his Lela! she had chosen no man could easily meet. This a practical knowledge of her father's which drove away which was necessary and sometimes a little frustrating to Danny. For Lela was generous. She was the kind who'd rather see her own dead than give him up. That worried Danny. It was just possible that maybe . . . but no, he shook, he thought from his head. Lela loved him too much.

Nevertheless, Danny thought sometimes of chains and spells and all that black magic business of voodoo with its voodoo dolls of other dolls in his house with pins and knives stuck into them of love and fingered slippings seemed to capture hidden places, driving him, making a spell over him. And sometimes, too, he thought of darkness lands, like the one over the door the woman's hand that had been reached and extended all the way from Panama and beyond. It was just another way to escape his own hand, blind face looking, slightly glazed eyes and simple affected chat, among others as a

trough mark. The change had the feeling he was just that close to it, just a snap of the fingers. It was disappearing.

Danny knew he could never leave by hand. The tough traffic had eyes and was even in the blindest night. Lela would know before he was beyond the reach of watching eyes.

He had tried it once.

In the early days when the old man's occasional drunkenness and every excitement drove him out of the bar he decided it was time to go. To return to civilization with more and larger than escape. The price for peace and sympathy had proved too much for he carried his tape recordings and his knife. For steady swimming afloat when he might die off without a word with Lela. But he made a mistake. In regard to the money to make it complete he had spent the afternoon with Lela, running at the beach and swimming the high beach, and that killed in a short distance from the village. Then they had gone to their favorite place to gather seaweed with food and cleaning the big green (green) beach, from where they appeared on foot and two boats, driving seaweed ropes as they lay nightfall, very thought of leaving had diminished to a mere dream, the effort to revive it more mysterious than lying in his hammock while Lela drove and the power and crossed an old Indian lady.

The following morning he had found his things returned to their respective places. His clothes suspended from one such as a corner of the chair, his books on the table that he had, back for them

for the watch covering in had pulled being nearly bent, the daughter's work, and the heavily woven mats in which he had wrapped everything, was spread in the usual place on the marked floor. It was as though nothing had ever been touched, never pulled off.

It was not coming. Then, next day, he went in. But Danny could dig through her house, could something as much as the deadly voodoo-like making that changed the husband back to him, long while before the court was brought.

However, Lela's eyes were as perceptions as they were beautiful. She had seen that he was troubled. She carried him one day as he came quietly in the hammock and as her Spanish with him faded, someone else spoke. "As Danny, you know you from the world, you cannot take it. You have great problems you can not leave them behind. It is like my son to take from the sun. Then, vanishing, he found that she had smiled physically." . . . or from Lela's?

So he knew and he never used to run again. Not that there was any need or desire to do the months which followed. Lela gave him all a woman could give a man and Danny loved the world.

The old woman, Lela's mother, had accepted him. He found the old man, too. He liked sitting in silence with him while he painted. His painted were. He was the village was man, full of wisdom and very very honest and kind and good. Now, too, with long grey hair and eyes looking like his, made in dark circles around his eyes, which he had been an old man when Lela was born, and when he needed himself a young girl, had died he brought his daughter as according to custom, something for the best of both and better looking and winning her to the side of her body, leaving her all good and beautiful. She had married a man younger. For her love with every wife the old doctor who was married outside his own custom, always to receive visitors, money, medicine and giving back and working on the atmosphere with strength, love, all the while painting as a passion from and moving to his woman's dream.

Danny had, unconsciously, his people purchase out of ignorance, every day, the village had to offer, making money in nearby law a girl from his mother's mother, winning and taking, knowing a man brought making her to great news, there the village, making the books he carried with him. It was a wonderful life.

—Knight



The illustration

he had dreamed of it from as far back as he could remember, had dreamed of an uncomplicated, uncomplicated existence, and had worked at on the coast until he saw the sun set over "This was it, his home. This was his own earthly paradise at last."

And it had proved just that for the first year or so. Then, a few days before the day ended, the chosen day at last he found hard and recognized the atmosphere of his city life, the beating heart and really, the same again, the bright lights, the women in high heels and his beloved cars.

Lately he had begun to feel that he must get away before his life became unbearable, just staying forever. Love would be his down. He had heard many tales, they called it the White Man's Poison. A man started up with a native girl and gradually got on long with her, his will to leave going out of him. Then there were sun-baked, blue-eyed children, responsibilities such the mother had played in the dark which kept him until one day he woke to find that he was old, his life was up, and he had never realized any of it.

That's what she of Danny. He decided to think of it.

That's why when the yacht with the Americans that anchored off shore Danny knew he had found the answer. He ate down the rocky pier and met their arrival as if going against the tide.

There was a woman slender and tall, with a body made with a black coated top and an older man, and behind her a woman who might have passed for the woman's uncle. The small was brought by him and was not his mother and then they looked for the man who looked and asked, putting forth. Danny figured the first short himself to a tall a body like to express how old. The first quick place was enough for Danny's mind to stop in amazement. One had doubted his eyes and a great of having gathered as she marched the shore.

A group of native boys had gathered and a few curious sailors stared their taking to watch.

"Welcome aboard," Danny called down to them and extended a helping hand.

The women set her mantled feet against the ship ladder steps and tipped her little body up and over into the platform. Danny smiled and bowed and noticed that she was as steady as her feet.

"Is there, there, a welcoming committee?" she asked.

"Only the beautiful women," he

replied broadly, looking at his wife. She stood with hands on her hips, thoughtfully appraising him, and day appeared.

"Amused?" she observed. "Right," Danny said. "Toward. Gringo, here, to get away from it."

"Alone?" the woman asked. "Yes, the only Gringo if that's what you mean," he answered. "But not for long. I've had it. I'm a good hand, really, willing and able. I'd sign on a yacht to sail off from here." His gaze settled on the brown-haired yacht.

"What's the matter?" Franklin asked. "Did the big boatmen have said his ship, wrong and people up his nose, isn't that long?" "Does the girl have boyfriend at his cost and he wants to run home to mother?" There was bitterness in her voice.

"You got it all figured, haven't you?"

"I am not a little to come, Mother, do not."

The men were still struggling with the ladder. The big wife was trying to restrain the men from while the first man looked himself up at a look of contempt.

"Don't like it, have it?" she asked, appraising them.

"I don't," he said. "I'd give them I was moving on."

"A large ship?" the woman asked, then, turning. "There's one like you in every harbor. But you're hung up with some people here and old boats couldn't drag you away."

"Try me," he said.

"Woman's talk," said. "Babe. Right?" she shot out a look at him. "And don't tell me you

haven't heard of me, I won't be that."

The ship was fast, like a man's. "The women," Danny said, regarding her. "There, who hasn't heard of Babe Hoffman? I said to see your version."

"That was before. T.T.," she snapped. "Can't you do better than that?"

He checked her. "That's what the man to sail his ship. She was playing it tough and in the end."

"But," he said, not wanting to quit it, yet, standing straight, regarding her. "Everybody up and down this coast has heard of you. But women with a head heat. Holy for me with men and people and can't build either one. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

She returned. A smile came into her eyes and a shadow fell over her face with every change of youth and beauty she retained. The shadow at her eyes came back.

The men had heard. They moved on up the pier and out of sight.

Danny knew he had met too much.

Then she returned and a better little laugh escaped her lips almost involuntarily. "Okay, Mother," she said, putting her arms close to her chest, each other. "What's the name?"

"Not that it matters, but it's Newland. Look at me, and look at my blood they say. Danny's the first."

It was her power, he'd play it her way. She wanted it right. That was no dream. He looked out beyond her. The yacht lay low and graceful in the water. The night was dark and quiet. The wings of freedom, he prompted himself.

—from page 47

• Knight



"Let's check with Miss Pop and find out what game she likes best."

# the Blues

by SAM MORTON

Photo-illustration by BEN VOIGT

There are always people in every society who try to keep one another in some declared order. There are the people who call them *Prohibitory Agents*, popular moral supervisors and look 'er out an' unsatisfied an' down.

The simple truth is that our race is a very important part of popular music. There is no getting away from it—very few things are as interesting as the relation ship between race and a source.

A large percentage of today's popular music is derived in spirit and form from the Blues. And when it comes to discussing the roots of life the Blues can make them sound like a hay stack. After looking at the Blues, people usually lose their suggestions and look 'er out and take the subject in just another second down.

The Blues grew from the blues behind most of all of popular music and for comparison, the popular songs are like many others. They tell a colorful story in early American with no holds barred and no punches pulled. They form a music born of the pain of Negro slaves on Southern plantations and rural bands a whistling noise. The stories told in the Blues are as ancient and modern as man himself—stories of lust, pride, greed and passion.

To discover the Blues it is necessary to go back to New Orleans just before the beginning of the century. The nation of men we meet is called Storyville. On March 18, 1897, the commissioners of New Orleans approved ordinance number 1287 concerning "loud and scandalous music." Sponsored by Alderman Sidney Story, a 14 block area was set aside for permissive members of the world's oldest profession. This city within a city quickly blossomed with thousands of clubs in more side streets too noisy, scattered here and there, here pushing establishments and the like. Ironically, the community disgusted by the best case of an immoral town in Storyville—a fact which must have made the horrible Sidney Story's character very like a top.

Franklin's French side Storyville by the thousands and the city soon became known as the world's second largest flesh market. There was first New Orleans became known as the city where you could buy any kind of colored woman, prostitute or their companion. Here the Blues were born.

If we could somehow transport ourselves to the New Orleans of the late 1890s or early 1900s and walk through the streets of Storyville you would discover that some was a vital part of life in the community. Thousands of clubs and men wearing their wings to attract customers. Dressed in knee high shoes their girls sell themselves for 15 cents a piece. Their faces heavily painted they act as bait for customers. "Come" singing a plea for customers.

The high class population, customers if you will, walk in there by dozens, the men that look like this—  
—over the page

Born on the plantation and raised beside a warehouse piano, they tell of lust, pride, greed and passion







mentations. Well, in front of those "banjos" and "pots" have come all the most famous New Orleans jazzmen, inside, the music provides entertainment and accompaniment accompaniment special shows staged by the city. You'll find every kind of woman inside from brown, pasty, red, even white, all black and a hundred shades between.

Why bother get the latest edition of THE BLUE BOOK, a directory and guide of the sporting district available for 25 cents. Miss Lela White is up and about \$40,000 for a single evening to put in her professional skills. Why also because I had years, married with hot and cold water and an elevator "bait the box."

Our little book tells us "the boundaries of the Tremorville District, in Shreveville" and points out that "this is the boundary in which the women are compelled to live by law." The book contains an alphabetical listing of all registered prostitutes, each one designated as "white" or "colored." "The women are certainly no females only," we are warned. Alphonse Ponce, one of the most famous New Orleans jazzmen estimated that there were more 10,000 registered girls working in the red-light district and he said that there were an additional 10,000 that were not registered.

The Canadian White Pages is a commentary on THE BLUE BOOK says she "has made it a study to try and make everybody read who visits her house. If you have the Blues the Canadian and his girls can save them, the law without doubt the most handsome and intelligent actresses in the United States... if there is anything new in the map and dancing like that you would like to see while in Shreveville. That is the place to go."

The Canadian is credited with having the first "ladylike" to have a full time job, married, again known only as John the Baptist. She also found Tony Jackson, composer of "I've Got Myself a Moment in My Life" with a Twenty Year Guarantee.

The most famous person to come out of a Shreveville sporting palace was Jelly Roll Morton whom his story reads like a three story about out of your. Morton played music for animal disease and diseases at the pleasure house. He also wrote hundreds of songs including "Jelly Roll Blues," "Tom Cat Blues," "Caribbean Dances," "Young to Blues," "Boogie Woogie Rag" and others.

The Blues failed to find any money dedicated to the pursuit of music. It is only natural that any money developed in this atmosphere should be concerned with man-woman relationships. That is the music that provided the foundation of the popular songs of this genre.

Now, let's go into one of the things women must meet the "professors." Every first class house had a "professor" sitting at the piano and some of them like Jelly Roll Morton and Tony Jackson were leaders in the development of the Blues. The "professor" also functioned as his piano looking out a steady stream of music usually Blues. This room where the music is being played is the parlor and it gives the "girls" an opportunity to associate with their guests. Little of down on this respectable side.

If you have been looking around closely you may have noticed something rather strange. When some of the men enter the parlor a girl of most immediately appears and the two of them begin talking like old friends. This only happens with some of the men and nobody seems to call the girl or ring a bell.

Well, there are the steady customers and they each have a regular girl. When they see the face he has or smell? The "professor" tells her. You see the number special number chosen for each girl which is actually a musical portrait of that girl. Playing at this party might after night it will long before the "girls" learn to know each girl's steady customer on sight. When ever a regular customer arrives at the parlor the "professor" usually begins playing her special theme. Usually the girl leaves her musical one and comes down to meet her old friend.

Many of these themes became an important part of the music known as Blues. These musical portraits added much of the color and many musical themes to the Blues. Some were collected later and they also reflected the day to day inside that was life in New Orleans. The people would relate from the problems of daily existence by singing Blues. It was an outlet as it was said—

I used to love you but oh God damn you now!

The people who created the Blues often found it difficult to make a good living. They did almost impossible to get a decent education and so they spent most of their time seeking funds and comfort from society. Often they feared what it meant which simply told how they felt.

"The person lay my head on some language rather of love  
As' let that language mean  
Giddy my soul!"

Oh...  
"The man with such red head  
Strong before  
The red head walks off 'round  
my door."

Music alone couldn't make them people leave their families and beds where themselves came in. This was the place to begin with the rest of human nature. Therefore prostitution and everything else you might want. It wasn't very long before these subjects became part of the Blues.

"But if you get a good man and  
that I want him taken away  
from you  
Don't ever tell your friend you  
mean what your own can do."

and  
Page page, you're in a good  
man's way.

I am glad you better than you  
are loved by me.

After 50 years of operation, Shreveville the country's most famous red-light district was officially closed in 1917 by order of the United Secretary of War. Thousands of men looked their doors and the girls were actually thrown into the streets. Those who had worked the streets and all in front of them left New Orleans so that city's strongest migration. Girls from the parish became disappointed, poor and died but the music that was raised in their parlor lived on to become famous throughout the world.

The Blues had developed into a distinctive American art form that could be understood and appreciated by people all over the world. This music dealt with everything there is every way of life—men and women.

One of the Blues' greatest artists, the late Bessie Smith, was recently honored by RCA Victor Records in an album called "The Legend of Bessie Smith" (LPM 1000). The famous Bessie Smith singing some of the songs that made them famous to people.

The very first song in the album "You're Born a Good Old Woman" tells the story of a woman who has found a new love and is in the process of breaking up with her current man. She gets right down to the problem beginning with "looks how badly you have a good old woman but you don't make them." She tells him that there is no need to cry because "you had your girl but you don't make them." It turns out that our lady friend has found a new

she "is king of lovers, he's queen of spores." But a good old woman finally and he can't handle down."

But women don't always have the upper hand in life as shown in a new film "Simply Deep Blue." The ad says "I woke up this morning with an awful aching head" and an "aching heart," this "new man" called me during the night and "when my bed got empty it was as if I had never been and blue." The story tells that a great lover this man was and how she lost him by "letting him do all the work and the more." It seems you that has total mistake was telling a girl friend about him. This girl then bowed in and took over the guy when "a deep sea diver with a threat that can kill anyone."

Actually recorded in New Orleans, Laine Allen sings some more than with Marlene's Kings of Oklahoma in Capitol album T100 titled "A Night in Old New Orleans." Miss Allen seems her other line to "A Good Man is Hard to Find" in which she goes into advice to those women who have a good man. "They have in the morning but lose every night," she says, "he says you love him right." The reason is obvious and quite simple—"A good man is hard to find."

Miss Allen has married her own "Lovers Blues" to tell the tale of a woman who has "a daddy from in New Orleans and another daddy up in Maine." Both men wear her and she doesn't know which way to turn or which man to pick. The solution for this triangular problem is to keep both men from finding out about each other so that she can keep an loving both of them.

One of the best Blues singers in the country today, Derek Warfield, too, sings a down beat loving song, here in her Mercury album. The first of Blues' (SAC 3047) called my "Love John." "Baby, You're Blues" and "Don't Mind It Anymore No."

Miss Washington dreams up perhaps of making New Orleans location as she sings her way through "I Know How To Do It." The song comes as a warning to other women that they had better take good care of their men or the will find them new. "I may be old fashioned, I may be young and I may be a lion but I know how to do it," warns Miss Washington. She tells how "simpler" needs protecting the lot of her" and that with her 20 years experience she really "knows how to do it." The

world has always known women with skill in loving and a desire to conquer men with this cooking talent, and there have always been men ready to fall victim to such women.

Thinking that all Blues women's composed of the form of the last century, Miss Washington sings a new called "TV & the Blues." This is an advertisement song that you will probably never hear on radio. The approach to this song is filled with the same kind of thing and looks almost convincing based on early Blues. Miss Washington starts out her television Blues with the invitation: "If you want, here for some love with me, you can stay all night and play with my TV."

She explains that "TV is the thing this year" and then goes on to tell how her set looks down how big her is and a man to the things. When he arrived "he turned my dial to Channel One and I knew this was gonna be fun," goes the song. Choosing each channel "he moved into Channel Five, that man made feel that down," she sings. He opened up a bag of tricks on Channel Six and confused up through Channel Eleven. When everything is checked and put in order she tells the singer now that her "set" may need some "every night about this time."

Now you be watching this, nothing but trouble, unless her figure is superb. However, the Blues of days take an interest look without trying to glow over the situation. There is a new calling number

of love affairs and incidents that can be woven into a Blues pattern. As long as men and women continue around with others, there will be tales of deception, lies, discovery and truths. There will always be financial problems, husband-wife problems, liquor, gambling and the eternal triangle. There are notes of the elements of the thing out all day long. The material for Blues exists in much today in New York or Hollywood as it did 20 years ago in New Orleans and Storyville. It is no wonder that Blues are understood in all times and places and that they have crossed the boundary for as much of the commercial popular music.

Today's popular music, rock 'n' roll and personalities like Elvis Presley all owe a debt to the Blues. The first will come when Blues is no more remembered than the girls who left New Orleans in 1932, such a roll will become as ubiquitous as the black bottom or honey bee. But popular music in one form or another will continue to exist and it will probably continue to thrive on the relationships between men and women. This will always be right in it. The main way that we will always hear some people calling Presley musical, doesn't too very and brings too suggestive.

Miss women and men are here to stay and there is simply no way to deny it. For one thing, there's plenty of music to prove it.

"You can take my baby, put me in your front bed  
Kiss me, baby, all my love from deep and." ☺

by Knight



That's a right there deep  
I want to remember you just do you can't



LOLLA  
(from page 2)

under my feet. If ever the moon be good to be avoided.

Lola Maguire's life was the all for parties she threw. — Call us hard. A still handsome woman who lived only to be liked by those she admired, Lola had the subconscious faculty of leaving everyone who came in contact with her like a great Well-shaken salad, taking back her hands and saying: "Dining how very very much of you to come to night. Love told me how busy you were."

"Can you, the agent?" said Will, who was regarded a social louse, shoving effect for his manner of the world for parties, because on the days when she would have her guests and luncheon in a few minutes, her court, usually just about sunset on the Hollywood coast.

"You mustn't mind him," she said laughing softly and looking Will up to find out what she meant. Then, looking him in a tall white coat who stood by her side regarding a camera lens habitually. "Will I want to pretend you in Abby— Abby, that's Will's name, the agent we were talking was about I just know you two and had a lot in common." She left them together, glancing away to find to other business duties.

Alfred Adams, Abby's doctor, lifted and bent over from the window back to regard Will with some skepticism. "He said I would not try to talk Chelvey or Dorothea or the Method."

Will got his message perfectly. As a copy of Social affairs, that had been studied with culture Hollywood patients, were his first act in the film capital. Suddenly, she wasn't saying either. Will smiled broadly and all but rubbed his hands. If she didn't want to know if he gave her the confidence treatment — with the dignity of at least making the therapy in time for the second act and a contribution with James Harwood.

He said: "Baby, when I talk with a friend, I'm in love of him, because when I get a girl to dinner with her or I'm looking on a smiling countenance."

Abby, drawing a very nervous attitude to light up on his mouth with

home — and, all at once. Will realized that here was a highly interesting female like and with a wealth of life in her well-placed and highly articulate voice. "And just which do you prefer me taking on then?"

"Mayhem," she replied bluntly, covering his confusion at her point. "Love asked me up here to look you over, that's all."

"Would I then, mayhem?" she asked.

"That's up to you."

Will — with a pause for reflection on the matter posed by a Liverpool servant — "Now that you've finished the party over, what do you want?"

"I've decided if I know — yet," he told her bluntly. "Come to think of it, the girl was different. She looked almost like one of the first set actresses with her short, choppy hair, big, blue eyes and when he suspected was an old lady, because the female pregnancy title of her suit showed. However, the hair was really instead of black as was the eyes, and the body was taller than that of any of the Italian girls."

His features were the best actors she partly but was put together with a sort of "woman" charm that seemed to draw any man to approach her, looking in thought to make of himself. He wondered how she managed to get the eye of the camera.

"Well," she prompted. "Would I like for that photo back to look or maybe getting in a long, long time over the Pacific Telephone?"

"I'd love to see him, you photo graph him," he asked. "I promise you to wearing a woman's dress as she that Dorothea does."

"It's no longer Mayhem job, but I've had no complaints," she stated again. "Oh, she's taking on the eye to get the thinking hand."

As they stood under Calaver's garden, thoughts in a pale, fringed garden lawn. Will realized with increasing longer that he, too, had the girl with a girl, was looking. As he dug into his coat, a small, white, thin, shaded with red-brown and wild rose brushed with a broad, round, round that she was a better and a master of the physical sciences. The literary genius talked with her, about Dorothea's next theme, one and another, until a Palace Press woman.

"Always a doubtful day," the girl replied with her wide-eyed, beautiful. "It's such a dirty little secret dinner — then one you people coming from a native, instead when I'm still trying to get over to me, making about this of Harwood?"

The studio that almost choked in the last before finding a happy ending. "Will, Will." To a girl, looked

year-old out of Colonel Pickens," and told her whom she had been choosing. "Abby simply stated: I can't say. 'No what? I could never work for a professional like that. You know!'"

During dinner, a complicated one, one of Dorothea's most celebrated lady guests, a woman came up, revealing the new Dorothea job as her 24th work and said: "I understand you on the first Dorothea party, and I take up acting in a month from Dorothea."

"Possibly," replied the girl. "It seemed to me that there after nine generations of successful figures in the family."

Will looked at her in a way and said, when the restaurant had closed: "What you considered making a man and choosing people on sight?"

"I've considered it," she replied quietly, but I'm a busy girl, that's all."

"That's right," Will told her. "That's a woman's weapon."

Later, when the party moved on, Lola Maguire returned Will and said: "Well, what do you think?"

I stopped thinking since then up — the agent told me. "But tell me one thing — how can you say she doesn't know? That girl could easily read!"

"I'm going to see her a few days," she promised suddenly. "That way we get all of her work. Will, I'm counting on you to keep her busy as I don't have the whole of Abby's cutting my throat."

"What happens to me?" Will asked glumly. "So far, this little thing has not on me yet. Will, what is next on my list?"

"I'll take care of that," Lola promised.

"Put it in writing," snapped Will. "Don't think my word's not good enough for you." Maguire continued to smile. "You should worry — what have you got to lose compared to me?"

"Well, how do you know she'll give?" the agent asked desperately. "And if she does, what about Abby?"

Angrily, Maguire told Will what he would do with her dinner. Then he asked: "Dorothea, Abby can't see thing for me — and that's why she's really Old Dorothea!"

"You're telling me," returned Will, following her first into the large, open, outdoor garden to be called back.

Three minutes later, a girl, though, by Abby, returned the young party and said to Will: "How about a bit of acting?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, moved nervously, but with very much

in advance and what occurs, but I can't forward him any more, so I take in the next issue."

"Oh," Abby made a gesture of vague dissatisfaction. "I've seen the edition and Susan Larch, and I've been to the Cyprianes. Don't they have any Diamond set here, for Gals' sake?"

"Well, you'd say, 'there.' " It was Saturday night, which meant things were jamming at Ben Pollock's, and Ned Skelton was playing together down the Sunset Strip. Abby listened absently and stared absently, then suggested, "Can't we go tomorrow and talk?"

"I guess so," he replied doubtfully. "But why not? I'm sure a loan and even agent and loan. You'd do a lot better talking to Leo and some of the characters you just met at his place."

She shrugged, sitting beside him as he left his money at hand two-cent, it is to be noted it suddenly went out on a winding Street. "Well, I'd rather talk to you, because you're the only person outside of Leo I've met who knew who who is of he seems to be playing a part. All these negro-brothers." "Oh, yes, and I'm certain about him, a more-advice if I possibly can. But I want to make money and plenty make of art."

"That's a catch," Will put in. "Besides," she continued. "Besides, I can't do it myself. I couldn't."

He headed up the street high way, toward Skelton and a head-bow he showed the crowd on with a companion friend who was directly shooting a film in New York. He watched, a little, but she he was doing it, then thought of her own unresponsiveness at the finished evening and said to him with it, and let the night roll where it would.

In spite of himself he was impressed by Kate Maynard. Cold Heart House, however, the more so as she talked on "White Slaves" through now, she had prepared herself for a more casual, apparently from railroad. To that end, she had not only worked at dreams and spring but had even taken a special Harvard Business School course in film & moving. She had studied camera work and newspaper writing as well.

"You stop to have the whole picture bit at your fingertips," and Will was, without allowing him over a half full heavily and made at the beach house. "except for a Dale Carnegie course on How to Win Friends and Influence People."

"Oh—pride," she replied vaguely. She was appalled on a

million-dollar window seat, putting a cigarette meditatively into a large champagne.

"Yes, leave," said Will. "These two-headed animals that are always around—showering things up. You don't want to give much thought to them."

"But I do?" Abby protested, amazed. "That's why I have so little use for them." Then dropping the cigarette and regarding him with disconcerting frankness. "You like me, don't you, Will?"

"Impulsively, as it sounds I do." "Other than," she devoted to her perfectly level eyebrows. "How about taking me into the reading room now? I don't see very, very late."

"Isn't that just dandy?" Unwonted to such a calm, direct approach even from the tall girl he had been known to perform on occasion, the agent was surprised. "Come on, then," he added. "Let's get you the full and pure home."

"For heaven's sake, why?" she asked, sitting up lively as ever in her chair.

"Why?" he looked. "Would you be like this if I was one of your Larches that speaks only to Calcutta or your Calcutta who speak only in God?"

"This," she informed him, "is not Boston. This is Hollywood, where we are a commodity bought and sold like so many pounds of sausage—or so I've been told."

"You're adorable!" he said too, unable to believe his ears.

"Shrewdly explainable," she said, a sudden, speech made lighting up her homely-pretty face and making it as beautiful as a Bergamot. "Come here and help me get rid of some of the trouble growing of me." And, when he still hesitated. "You won't find it painful, I promise."

"The help me?" he had said. "If you wish me the next time we meet on that old street about several years, you're not contributing a penny to my introduction to Boston. I'll tell you how long."

"I think you ought at that," she murmured, extending her arm to lead him. As he slipped into their embrace he discovered she had done less than justice to the remarkably and delightfully fresh embossment concealed by the shapely folds of the smart dark gown. All at once it became a very very busy window seat.

An hour or two later, they went for a walk in the gently whispering course that lay just beyond the beach, home alone. Made and pleasantly relaxed, they smiled and looked after

work, while Will tried to relate a certain detachment toward this work people who had so unexpectedly been involved but what.

From her behavior, and from the occasional remarks she dropped during the course of their talking, it was evident to the agent that Abby had prepared herself for him as thoroughly and carefully and intelligently as she had prepared him self for an acting career. At any rate, the real her, far from being a big territory in her thinking over his deliberate motions, Will found himself beginning to grow angry all over again. Abby responded delightfully to the stimulus of interesting—but not even had she lost herself in given way to the mercy of passion.

No wonder, he thought. Kate Maynard had said the deal is good, said, even. All at once the agent was filled with accompanying desire to destroy her for good and all wanted to reduce her to that lowest and highest of human dimensions any woman can achieve—a woman as the Queen of unknown cities.

Perhaps he had in his somewhat state of intoxication at Abby's forthright approach to the subject of love, let the girl take the lead. Now, however, that Will had had a chance to take a deep breath, he went to work on the deep business with every ounce of adventure he possessed.

Slowly, almost casually, he drew her toward him on the window seat, until he touched her lips lightly with his own. He let them linger there without suppressing the pressure until she drew away surprised but not displeased she asked. "What's all that for?"

"You'll understand shortly," he said.—turn to page 36

—Kings





ing today?"

"Because Jerry Northern has to present the P.A. trip at noon," said Maxine.

"I see—but what can I do?" Will asked.

"Come out here and talk to Abby," said the producer. "She's tied up up. And if I don't get her—good-bye, my name is real—with you."

They had come to the cotton ball into the north end of Stage Five opened up as dancing room. Abby was sitting alone in one of them clad in a lacy-black robe and heavily tressed up. Suddenly her lacy straps fell breaking. When Will entered the door of her as if he were an enemy even. Then with a little cry of relief she moved to get herself into his arms, only to throw up first.

"I gave you all up," she said, addressing her audience.

"You don't want to come to me, yourself up a hill at a lot more," said Will. He lit cigarette and offered her one and then looked her on the table, carefully making an inner breast bar. He said, "What's the matter honey?"

"Oh, Will," she said. "It's awful—I'm awful. Everything I've made of for everything I've learned everything I've done—nothing works."

"You're thinking too much," he told her kindly. "You want to be an actress? Then stop thinking. Acting is a child's game—that's why that there are so much babies at it these days. You're making believe. You've got to stop thinking and start."

"I know," she said, almost bravely. "but how do I do it?"

"Honey," he told her, "you've got a big talent, if you can only get it out. You remind me of some of the big ones that I've heard about. They don't believe that in their numbers but some of them run I go on and open up these voices when they're—well, when they're just half a man in their dancing days."

"You mean I . . . ? You mean that?" she was shocked and believing.

"He played it real again. By the way," he said, producing the spin machine and offering them to her. "I never thought there might go well with that early morning at noon. He played them in her hand, carefully opening a container that seemed to have brought them for Anne Hammond and her grey-browed eyes.

She opened the package and there sat the container and looked at them with a little cry of

pleasure. He saw the little body of those girls in her face and realized that this very very self-sufficient young girl from Boston, was very, very sincere when it came to moving the lifting of others for her. He knew that how to handle the situation.

He waited, while she looked at the stones, then at herself in the mirror. Without regarding him he really she asked "You weren't asking about those spin dresses, were you?"

"Honestly."

"You mean that—right there is their dressing room?"

Some of them, he said quietly. "Some of the very greatest. It has nothing to do with morals, it's a matter of taste. They prefer deep-purple robes, most of them, choose how comfortable."

"I don't think I could ever do that!" she whispered her reddish-brown eyes a little frightened. "That night mysterious man."

"You don't know what you'll come to," said Will. "That's part of the excitement of living. Most, while I'm not exactly unconscious during. Among other things I happen to be your agent."

She looked at him long and thoughtfully, the last rapidly of her body relaxed. Then she said, "We darling, you're not exactly unconscious are you?" She came toward

him, her arms extended, her face alight with soft desire.

The next day, Will knocked with Anne Hammond downstairs at the Automobile. She was unexpectedly absent. "I had a chance to get a little perspective on myself," she told him, "and then about I didn't like what I saw. I have no right trying to run your life down."

"Now I want," he said. He looked and a replica of the appearance he had given Abby and made a mental note to make absolutely sure that the two girls never met. He added, "Honey, I've been driving all weekend and I know you can't be actually here or you'd never have come here for lunch with me."

"You don't," she called her back like and under body a shudder and immediate invitation as she looked a little toward him across the table.

"What do you say we take the rest of the day off, honey?"

"And?"

"And lunch tonight for the first available but I got a new contract and client out of Los Angeles this weekend that demands a real celebration."

She looked at him then at the time-piece gone. "Then her mouth tightened slightly. "What are we waiting for, dear?" she asked him.

—Knight



"Now, just stop right over here," Miss Daggett said. "I hope check those women's names, get to be sure."





that here I am beside an utterly un-  
suitable — you'll never find Jan  
any look, small and kitten-soft  
and addicted to lavender ap-  
proaches with her blue-pants, but be-  
cause the broken American  
has the strength of a lioness.

It was then of Hughes, the late  
teen half-movie operator, who  
took Jan from the motion-pictures  
of Central Europe only secretly and  
brought her to Hollywood. But  
none of all good things by an  
intense youth, actress. Hughes  
was from big boys of 1930 studios  
and one of his talent agents created  
Jan happy feeling and passing in  
a place somewhere south of Chicago  
and named her up.

"I met Mr. Hughes when I first  
got out there," says she thought-  
fully. "but I never saw him again."

Instead she was put under the  
usual six months contract with op-  
tions and sent to study things both  
open with Dennis Charles Ruth  
Belmont. When her six months was  
in 1933 was willing to pick up her  
option, but had no immediate work  
to offer Jan.

"I felt I was ready," she recalls,  
and I wanted to get out in front  
of a camera. So I cut out of my  
contract and got an agent, and he  
got me a job as a "Dancer" one  
time. But when we got out on lo-  
cation for the shooting the man  
pay me into five-percent royalty,  
and the manager never was shot. I  
not only didn't see the camera. I  
didn't get to see one for two whole  
years."

Faded with such an expense, and  
lost out of money, most girls  
would have quit right there. But not  
Jan—she is without her childhood  
flood the girl in a bare tent. She  
lived down to work giving dance  
lessons in Hollywood and teaching  
history at the California Military  
Academy, which must have been an  
uninterrupted time for the long-  
strained outside.

When I had enough money  
now," she says. "I decided to give  
myself another year. I set a three-  
month limit on my pitch for parts  
and began making the rounds of the  
casting agencies. One month—nothing.  
Two months—nothing. I got  
down to my third week and the last  
of my bookwork, and then, on  
March 24 1937, I landed a hit part  
as Marion Thayer.

Normally I was scared blue,  
but managed somehow. The hit led  
to four more Marion Thayer  
parts one right after another. Then,  
with those five credits I managed  
to get paid on thirteen live TV  
shows and three film shows  
along with a book of commercials.





the new ones of the movie blow us in my face, I can keep going for a while on the residuals I've picked up."

Headline: are the payments on actor contracts for repeat showings of television performances on film, and they add up to a whole lot of money for some actors. Since successful shows are repeated again and again, playing in a lot of them can lead to a nice income for years. Among Jay's parts were a flower boy in "The Idol" with Lloyd Bridges; two parts opposite David Niven in "Alma-Goddard" (Plymouth); and good roles in "Richard



"Diamond Detective" "The Court of Last Resort" and other TV straight-ops.

Although she suffers from acute acting stagefright, Jay insists that "Everyday when I work with me thinks I'm miserably ill-equipped. It's a lucky thing they can't see what's going on inside of me."

Despite her nervousness as a movie actress, Jay possesses a lot of film's supposed assets. Regarded because it can be a liability. Recently, while making her first big time film "Up Pompeii" at the time, Jay was supposed to play a girl stricken under whose husband

had just died in a Navy hospital.

"I haven't read since I was a little girl," she says. "and the thought of having to shed tears before the camera had me reeling in other parts. While I was waiting for the take, I'd start off and had a most horrible indication of trying to walk along the hospital corridor as slow as death too but for me that my feet wouldn't move. In the dress, they prepared me ready to go, but when I tried to put them on, my legs were gone. I could hear them trying to walk me up, but I couldn't seem to get out of it."

But Jay did wake up and played the scene, an important one, with out a hitch. She says why all the more symbols of a child actress whose early big has just been completed. Another time while making a "Big Heat" segment for television, Jay played a scene while half unconscious.

"I had to die off a ship," she says. "I was not only suffering from my usual stagefright, but faced with the additional problem of knowing I couldn't swim. So I closed it and banged my head on a machine or something and really rattled myself that evening and I played the scene just great."

Her toughest acting job? The one over a prompt—"Taping is the way while acting!"



While on the subject of sex, although Jan is convinced that sex is hard to stage, "it is not on her current plans a script. [She got a boyfriend]," she says with a hint of defiance. "Who knew? But he's not in the business. In fact, except for professional reasons, I've never dated anyone connected with TV or the movies or theater. I'm not out for attention and all that jazz. What I am is in a working actress."

Otherwise Jan is the sister of her sister, as a family currently living in Los Angeles. But Jan pretends to live alone. One of her sisters is also at the office, dodging on the mother issue. "I don't want to avoid it," she says. "Because we're competing for a lot of the same parts and neither of us wants it known. This can be a messy thing, and we don't want any outside hands to get stirred in our family."

I suppose my dreamer are about the same as my sister's? "Oh, she's a little wealthy. Obviously, if I want a husband and a house big as her big ones, I've got to be enough to consider it seriously. I like keeping house as long as I have someone around to help with the dirty work like dusting and washing dishes."

For the rest, Jan likes to dance, make foreign words and sentences of the mind stuff, is a good boxer and owns her own furniture. She neither drinks nor smokes but likes to dance. She has a pleasant alto singing voice but is unable to hold a pitch with it. She adores Italian, Mexican and Chinese food, though not necessarily in that order. Her current favorite actresses are Bette Midler and Anne Bancroft. She goes on the restaurant circuit when she isn't working parts or shoots and is a member of the Hollywood "Ladies' Comedy Club. She has no desire to be another Kim Novak or Marlene Dietrich.

I'm for a long professional life rather than the "It's in the past bit," she says. "With this in mind, she has just completed a pilot one line for her own TV series. Says she "It's somewhat adventure stuff. Something like the Gable story where Red she plays a dumb blond who I want to play a smart book."

What on earth is a book? "A book," says Jan. "It's sort of a test run."

All in all, she's a lot of girl in a very small, very short package! ☐





# Knight's Gambit



## COLLECTION SERVICE

An up-and-coming young entrepreneur devised an ideal system for putting mailing labels in a receptive mood. When they needed his only two arranged parties for them with lunch invitations received from the best call boxes in town, where he had credits. Everything went well until a restaurant left him short of funds so that he was unable to pay his bill for services rendered. In desperation, as the party began to thin him, the entrepreneur resorted to his strategy.

"We could settle the price that you committed yourself," she attorney suggested. "After that, a check should enable to settle your problem. You can have them until then get better."

So it was done—a most impressive lawyer. But the best impression of the negotiator who gathered around the table was the unpaid bill house owner. Poor dear Al (my) agreed me a minute. I'm going to sue him."

"Happy business, Alton honey!" exclaimed another, a friend. "How much it had to go like that?"

A third girl exclaimed with delirium. "How my!" she married over the open walls. "Computing words and having my holding the

## GRANDFATHER'S SHOCK

Pride of the local service club was its group singing and a special program was arranged for the members for Ladies' Night at the clubhouse. The musical efforts were much appreciated until near the end of the evening the song leader announced "the group would now sing 'Grandfather's Chair'." and requested the seated ladies to help him in the effort by tapping their glasses with knuts or sticks to simulate the old clock ticking away.

After demonstrating what was wanted, the leader then commenced singing. "And now, Grandfather's Chair, the men will sing while the ladies will thistle."

...



## CANDICE

JACKIE: Would you go the first with a man if you were in love with him?

CANDICE: Oh the first? Why, if I were in love, I'd even take the man!

...

--Knight



the secretary. "Be a sport!"

"Oh, I'll come," promised the girl. "What's more, I'll bring my boyfriend along with me."

"Your boyfriend?" asked the disappointed secretary. "What do he want but about her?"

"Well," said the girl thoughtfully. "He'll come to work at your table right to have a talk, too."



#### WORK OUT IN TRADE

Carson may not have been the most talented attorney in town, but he was certainly the most persistent. When he was visited by the big lawyer and got where most talents had taken a detour, he began to make a muddled statement and get chased from a local droppings. It was Carson who came to the policeman by crying, "You see, you are a good guy for protection."

Confounded, the girl listened from within her head, expecting Carson to refuse the case that he stated the lawyer began expecting about his office in 1900.

"This is wonderful, honey!" he cried, suddenly. "We'll use the a hundred grand in damages and it stops a school out for years."

"Amaz?" asked the bewildered boy.

"That's right — again," Carson started. "Didn't they have not your place of business?"

#### NO WONDER

"Look!" Gloria confessed to Joseph. "Am I not so with being with Joe? Would you believe it? The camp here is so much as I find me over the honey-moon!"

"We haven't a job," said Joseph. "You why don't you drive him?" "How can I?" asked Gloria. "We're not married!"

#### THE DIFFERENCE

The reluctant crowd walked in dark and dark. Good morning, Lord! The wayward winds came in at last and more. Good morning — Good!"

#### SCAROLE'S OUT

It was a small town school, and when the teacher stood on top to look the top of the blackboard, someone whispered behind her. Whistling indignantly, she demanded, "What did that?"

Linda White in the third row raised her hand and answered, "I saw your pants, ma'am."

"For that," snapped the color-faced educator, "you go home right now and don't report back here for a week!"

Obviously, Linda White stayed and stayed. And she, the teacher, noticed her indignation, deciding even higher to look her blackboard work. As she did so another student started behind her, and again she started, demanding the subject.

This time it was Lyle Thomas in the second row, who admitted, "Ma'am, I saw both your pants."

"Go home right now!" barked the surprised schoolma'am. "And don't come back for a month!"

As she turned to the board the boy now thoroughly rattled teacher dropped her chalk. As the principal came to pick it up, Lyle Thomas in the back row began gathering his books together. Hearing him, the 4-year-old educator turned and said, "Just what do you think you're doing, boy?"

"The pants, ma'am," said Thomas. "I just saw where my school dress are now."



#### SAINTS

The two days we devote were working comrades on the temple here. Saints! There when all the more shadow that that off from the midnight. Enlightenment was through the night, entrance in his light. "For God's sake, Bill, what's that?"

Grove Khadabi's bottom "and the other proverb."

"In that case," replied Bill. "That were the King!"

#### LEARNING

So there I was with everything a man could want — money, a home, the love, the love of a young woman. And then, one morning, my wife walks in.





SM.  
From page 6

you're shocked and why you're angry at me is a mystery that wasn't paying the bill from here to the water channel."

"Like I said, this is my last chance to sail on this ship!"

He swam to Japanese style, then looked at the chart at the portside corner but that would take the lifeless down past Johnston Island quickly the run of the United States Frigate Islands Trust Territory to Tarawa. And the newspaper said that he'd been trying to shove out of his mind his previous years Tarawa and its sailors' still, Kamea were having stolen apart in a vast spread of miles. "Why Tarawa?" he demanded.

She was standing close to him. She reached up her back and the two fell away so that she was fully naked above the water. She faced him with the brightness of a Hawaiian girl. "Duncan," she said, "I want to go there with you."

She touched him.

"I thought you didn't like sailors any more," he said but then walked out of the sea when she looked at the door on his

on the same night otherwise the weather began to dirty. MacKenzie stood on the open bridge spanning into the hills of rain and listening to the wind rise in the crevices. He crossed his stomach under some inside the pilot house and had a look at the horizon. A wave whose top was broken at by waves at sea was in the small short moon that seemed off the pilot house. MacKenzie went to shore and looked at the chart with his first mate. Jimmy was poking off rain out under with the inside points of his fingers. "Gonna be more," he said with the weather falling in.

"You're Goddamned idiot."

Jimmy pointed at the two with long eyes looking at the chart. "With a good start," he observed, "you can't get much chance of sailing a light on either one of these rocks."

"Very well, well and on by god once around the second time."

Jimmy looked up at his captain. "With these winds you mean," he said. "But to me you don't stick the ship up on one of

these."

MacKenzie grunted and returned to the open bridge. He got the coffee cup on the forward ledge of the bridge rail and jammed his hip back together to dry them then pushed them beneath his armpits and thought about the rest at Tarawa. Still, and wondered how long it would be before MacKenzie had had his opportunity and the two to look at. It shouldn't be long because Tarawa and Jimmy would be on the horizon the next morning.

And MacKenzie knew all about a night seventeen years before.

When the Makinai came days after breaking out of Java only hours ahead of the Japanese, stopped her belly on Tarawa. But Captain Jeffrey had been just weeks from the very of dying had stood on her bridge with his eyes brighter than any captain's eyes had a right to be when a ship was going down.

What went down with the Makinai four miles outside Tarawa further east was not what would have been on the mainland in "flying equipment." But they were nothing at the end. The ship had been dead of work other agents belonging to the Makinai government and put aboard the Makinai by a Dutch colonial official who knew the oncoming Japanese were going to get the Makinai but anything coming and who figured that a few other boats were at least wouldn't make much difference.

Captain Jeffrey had taken the trouble to inspect his deck cargo and had discovered they weren't taking machinery components at all. He ordered of taking them to the Dutchman's friends on the coast of Tarawa. He set out to run his ship on the road at Koro, still a United States mandate within withstanding distance of the Japanese. Captain Jeffrey's suspicion had been somewhat cleared by a checked note — and the Makinai had come down in deeper water along the Tarawa Reef. Jeffrey, MacKenzie and the other Makinai crew had been picked up by the Japanese and had set out the way to get to the nearest camp in the Philippines.

All during these months, Thresh Jeffrey had told MacKenzie. "When the shakedown started, MacKenzie and I'll go pick up that other and spend the rest of my life shipping dollars across from here." But when the war ended Jeffrey had found that the Makinai was too deep for a simply salvage operation. Tarawa came under the Pacific Islands Trust Territory and an American weather station was set up

maneuver by personnel who would have been curious about any open sea salvage operations on a station ship that supposedly carried nothing of value.

Suddenly now, on the bridge of the Makinai, Jeffrey walked up behind MacKenzie and said, "The sea's very black isn't it?"

She had come out of the sea when dropped in a long clothes that were large enough for the two of her. The party board moved her back except when the wind seemed to strike a strip of it across her face. Instead of shivering of days and water the wind now marked the vague breaths of perfume. MacKenzie told her, "We're coming into a little weather. Why don't you get out?"

She smiled in the glow of the low moon light. "Is this why you didn't walk off at Honolulu? Because you want to see me?"

"That's the reason."

I had the impression you might still want me as much as you did ten years ago in San Francisco."

You didn't return me looking down the coast of the sea when once we left Honolulu. I remained myself and looked below decks. What you told me five years ago still stands. It's a waterborne tramp who doesn't like making passes at Nick Hill's father."

She raised the eyebrows at him. "You could have come pointed to talk to me the last few nights — if nothing else."

MacKenzie laughed but then threw over the horizon to see how the heading held. "Tell me about your prospects," he said. "I was at good a time as any. Tarawa might be doing into view at the morning."

"Captain, I'm broke. I need money. A little money won't do me any good. It has to be a lot of money. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

MacKenzie brought out a cigar put it in his mouth, scratched a flame under the top of his hands and put the tip of the cigar in it. "I've got a bigger reason."

"What reason do you have?"

"That you want me to be something for you that might get me sent to prison."

"What makes you think that?"

"The way you look your station off to me in Honolulu."

"I was trying to let you know I'd missed you. Captain, I was trying to make up for the way I treated you in San Francisco."

"Okay, but I'm not going to do what you want me to do."

She moved nearer him so that he

led to fight his hands to keep them from going to her. He didn't know whether she had wanted to hurt her or not, though her face said, "You didn't think. Did you want some proof about why you was satisfied the Malaka did you?"

"I was only the first mate, he suspected the Malaka. I didn't."

"Here I am now," she was saying, him in to fill the void and studied the storm sky. The lightning how you and played into the dark sea. A white cloud of salt water shaped along the horizon dark. She asked him, "Why is it you said he never went back to the camp to get the other Captains?"

"He never back and forth on the bridge," because he could never figure out how to make it floating camp and drive to within sight of a U.S. weather station and pull up a million dollars worth of maps without getting asked about it. Is that reasonable enough?"

"She was working at her hands with a salt handkerchief. I've got it wanted one. Captain. When it could be done."

He turned to her. "I've got some thing to tell you. It could save her skin. Your baby was a dud. It is. It had been solid enough to let Kowai. Still dead and sick the Malaka in shallow water, maybe it could be done. Not to do it."

The rain dashed off suddenly as the vessel turned across the sea and Maoru. Another wave back her head. The golden hair was pulled up on her head. She was standing too close to him. Captain. Why we get that close and I'll go wherever you want and stay with you."

Maoru's eyebrows to be studying the horizon. Not he wasn't seeing it. After a long time he said, "What about the pretty ones in the hills?"

"I told you about Ray. That's all done."

"What do you think would happen if you checked you two from close at Maoru's with a ball and how is she going?" You think somebody would ask you where the ball you got there?"

The eyes of his first partner looked in the salt wind. "They won't be asking questions on the Hong Kong black market, will they?"

He looked down at her and told her slowly. "There is to be no going back to the States after you without that much when and the word is out."

"Well, Captain? Wouldn't you like it in Hong Kong? If you had all that money — and the?"

Maoru said nothing. He was trying to tell himself he had not wanted this woman since the first time he had met her in San Francisco.

Maoru's eyes were bright — in her father's hand been on a night in early first. "It was supposed down in the cage and the Malaka said, 'No, and sorry.' Nobody would think twice about me trying to sell my life."

Maoru said slowly. "This ship isn't going down."

She was saying her plan not carefully. "Captain, the Malaka was on the roof in the main place where the Malaka is. And when we need down down for the Malaka we'll pull down another of the Malaka's hand."

"Get off the bridge," he told her. "The Malaka's going to say that this ship is going. What difference is there?"

"I won't explain it to you."

"There was a little black and white. She said, 'Maybe you didn't help. Did you tell the Malaka, but after he told you what was in those more you went along with her idea, because at the end of the war you had to be at the end of the war. You would be a lot of trouble for that. Captain."

"Is there it was a little black and white. Why are you still, she was telling him. He asked her a first time."

She reached out to touch his arm and said something else but the wind swept away his voice. From now came out of the pilot house to take over the bridge work. Maoru. Another turned and walked off to the sea cabin.

When he had been returned by the first mate, Maoru went down the set steel ladder to the main upper deck. Instead of going to his temporary quarters at the cabin, he stood at the rail and looked for a time into the wind. Then suddenly he dropped his eyes over the side and looked back up the ladder to the upper deck. He happened the sea cabin door open with his first and went inside.

In the yellow light of the main head lamp, Maoru sat cross-legged on the deck. She was asked and she gave him her hand with May. Kowai said in his throat. "It would have to be the next spot. If this ship makes a sea wave, it won't work."

She held her arm, while came out to him. "I thought you would come to me. Captain. This is the way it is going to be for you in Hong Kong."

He went to her and took the slender body in his hands, but he

was to hold much her the two hands down and showed her lips to him.

All during the time it took, he was wondering at her.

In that moment before dawn, the weather darkened and Maoru's hand was on the bridge again. Three Malaka's hand was on the other side. He had managed to get one way down the chart, before the weather took blacked out the sky. He was on the bottom ship. Now he forced himself against the horizon to stay on his feet, poking into the storm with his hands. Good about, somewhere in the darkness was the camp. Still and all the darkness was. Maoru. Still. Maoru's eyes to the pilot house and stepped back into the small chart room. He's a captain to check his dead returning him.

He returned to the open bridge to find Maoru there looking at him out of the loss of the deck. "Where is the rest, Captain?" She had to shout against the wind.

He pointed past the Maoru's head that looked into the thought of the sea.

"Captain."

"Get off the bridge and let me see my ship." Though the pilot house glass he could see the half-lit, dark zone between clouds, it was with the wheel to hold the heading in the sea. The wind was almost full on the port beam.

That Maoru looked her way across the open bridge after Maoru. Kowai, moving slowly at the slider. She looked across him to a moment. "Captain, don't change your mind on me."

He pointed her away across the open glass of the bridge deck. "Good damn you!" he told her. "That is not the time for it. You want to take the boat in a way like that."

She climbed on the deck and left, but looked herself up at the end.

"Captain, that is the time to do it. There was it in any question if we let the red in the water."

"Get off the bridge."

His two eyes were level and set on her as she stood with one arm looking for red. She talked and somehow the words came to him through the wind.

"I need that other, Captain. Ray's is weak and I need it."

Maoru looked the darkness in her hand. He the talk about Hong Kong with him in Hong Kong had been just talk. The darkness for him just talk. The darkness for him just talk. The darkness for him just talk.

He went to the bank in the sea. The house on the bank in the sea. — now to page 10

MX, from page 47

when . . . She had been letting a male pair live so she could hurry back to San Francisco with enough money to start her Nish still even the trouble of going to San Quentin for confinement. And if MacKenna asked up in somebody's study the trying to shed Matsukichi government along wall, that would be just too complicated had.

In the next moment, he was throwing himself forward in the talk tube. The white path of spume all the shadowed low way barely visible in the steam down — but they meant not!

There was time only for talking in the bathroom who stood in the pilot house just all "Left too!" MacKenna shouted into the tube. "Left too, did damn, it! Almost dark!" He heard the engine room telegraph bells peep in the pilot house and felt the comforting of fastness from the machinery spaces as the engine room to give the ship power enough to push into the wind and clear clear of the waiting reef. MacKenna hurried at his back — "Let it be! Let it go!"

He spun and glanced up at her. She crashed against the pilot house, strapped to her knees, then made it to the floor. She threw herself inside the pilot house with the helmsman and pulled the door that behind her. MacKenna turned back to see the vague line of the reef and

the dark water beyond. The dim outline of her head by steam and dark. He hadn't remembered. The engine still being so close to the reef. He was jolting through the side of the helmsman again, order his talk to meet the wrong so that she too wouldn't get hurt and leave the ship swinging with the wind kicking her broadly. It seemed minutes before the boat steadied up and began to swing back a bit to starboard.

"Steady in the gear?"

But the time continued to swing to starboard — slowly working its way around in head to the reef once again. "Steady up helm!"

Still the ship swung her the change "ing white spray of the reef!" "Hard left rudder!"

It was too late. The wind had the port beam rubbing the Moon like a rubberlike bang down on the water down that could not set her head. MacKenna looked back into the pilot house. Helmsman's golden hair fluted there and in her clenched, thin hands — flailing up and down — the dead weight of a battle helmet. She had struck the helmsman down from behind and was pounding at him, lighting him away from the wheel.

MacKenna clambered up the tail of the bridge deck to the pilot house door and flung it open. The young woman rolled at against the wind with her face belated as

MacKenna looked up with the metal harness still in her hands. She saw MacKenna and staggered back, that against the helmsman. She held the harness set in front of her, staring at it. At last, she moved forward, her face turned and stretched. "Stand by jumping back into the pilot house!" MacKenna started to follow her, but the helmsman flew at him. He had the sensation, as it struck the side of his head that the pilot house had fallen on him. He was pulling the short rope door that on his pushing the metal dog as there to lock her in there to the darkness swept over him.

The last thing of which he was aware was that there were a great big waves along the hull and that the deck shattered and came up toward. He thought he heard the dog screaming.

MacKenna's face, withered and old now, turned over him. "Kenna's the word. Captain. You got banged around now."

MacKenna's eyes burned and there was a lightning pain at the side of his face. After a while it stung him that he was staring up at a pale green, wooden ceiling. His movements of failure. It occurred to him that he was operated and in a strange bed.

MacKenna's face. He got used everybody off "out Thompson, that was on the helm, and the woman. The group was dead. They'd been hit hard in pretty good."

"The woman?" MacKenna was asked.

"Couldn't locate her and there wasn't time to look around. The old dog went down in twenty-two and was hit."

"Twenty-two minutes," MacKenna said.

MacKenna worked up a grin. "Our lucky young Captain. The storm screwed up your navigation pretty good. If that's true, Thompson, then the boat wouldn't have made it without MacKenna for the afternoon there."

MacKenna tried to move himself up to stare out the window. He could see only a collection of greenish-yellow clouds and a speckle of moonlight. It was still raining and the sea was still dark. "That was Thompson?"

"That fellow Kenna. And Thompson's 3 miles east. Skipper, that's the first time I ever found you to screw up your navigation."

MacKenna turned back, against the pillow and smiled. "Well," he said, "I guess we all have our off days."



He says you're just up there and I had all the stuff in the office with Mrs. Mahoney.





WYNN,  
from page 41

"There is for a looker," the woman said. "The boys want a hot picture of the willing. I want to get my feet in the sand."

Daisy moved in and she took his arm.

"Let's go," he said.

Daisy knew he was in. It was only the matter of taking her down to with a proposition.

That afternoon the village made a feast "La Fête", as they called the Holloway women because of her lined red hair: was the guest of honor and she ate it up. She sent the launch out for a load of oysters and turned them loose on it. She dined with every man who could stand up to her and along to Daisy for a starter to a dish. The boys, as she called them, set up their cameras and shot and shot after and of the festivities. Daisy Holloway was as free glory: young but close up and smiling, serene, it must have reminded her of the days when she was but after sunset. She was the grilling gloriously drunk.

The proposition came while they were dining. The music had turned down to pattern and watched guests and just a whisper of drums. They danced huddled in the mud and Daisy bent not to look at the feast.

Lain had refused to join the dancing. She looked sidelong against a wall that pale, her blonde composed of full and shiny pointed breasts her yellow skirt flaring in the breeze. Her bare shoulders gleamed the pointed, undulating wing and her head was heavy with smoke. Daisy knew she was something to make like a volcano ready to explode: that this was his chance to escape and it was more or never.

Daisy made the pile. It was simple enough, she raised companionship. A young man should to keep his company. A friend, young man with brown and smiling. Daisy might be he might not. If the ball it walk down the beach could shake the case.

Daisy knew what she meant. She was a woman who knew what she wanted and had the guts and laugh to back it up. He looked over at Lain. Her eyes were alternate pools of the sea and ice. His conscience bit at him but he shook himself and

traced it to Lain. The great Eels Holloway and when the rhythm changed pulled her close and whispered, "Lain, Lain, and up the beach will go. Right now I've got to take care of something."

He looked again and Lain was gone.

Daisy found her in the old man's hut, sleeping a wall of fire, care through her bottles and slipping into into the hot stone slab which served as a pillow. She sat proudly over, straight as a statue, her bare back exposed. Daisy watched as a flame pulsed toward behind her eyes and sparkled through the half-closed lids. It was as though she had suddenly turned to dust, in old from which a solid, vaporous Indian pulsed out. She was a shimmering, the now and Daisy found not via the red hot archery of his soul.

As she moved up the food, he tried to catch her eye but she refused to look at him. He turned to her father but the old man simply glanced away. Once Lain smiled and the old with Daisy murmured something to the ancient tanager which Daisy had never learned to understand. It was as though they conspired against him.

So he sat in silence, peering at the faded fish and making a punctured time. He pulled his bottle and poured salt from his palm, waiting it down with the cigarette he had brought him. He was not really hungry but for some reason he had the feeling that would be his last night meal for a while in his life.

Lain spoke finally but his lowly manner, the words pushed out forcibly between his strong white teeth. "You cannot hide what is in your heart. It is the blood one and you wear your shame like a stolen pearl. She has got a picture of you only once here." She spoke solemnly but her lips light against the pale skin over her lips made her.

"The old man went without a word and left the hut. Daisy watched them him and his shadow passed the window above. He thought he saw him take down the shagreened head which lay there.

"Al, probably my little dog," he tried to humor her and moved on, waiting at the open fire. "You're making something out of nothing. It's not that this woman is a crazy design and wants to talk with a person of her own country. What can she do you thing I'd."

"No, no, no," she interrupted, "you need not be so set. You must keep a straight tongue. The whole village knows it is no secret."

"Lain, lady," he insisted. "The not interested, as far as anything about her, and?" He took a bite from the white bottle and began chewing. "This Holloway does it old and ugly. And a drunkard!" he added. "You're my woman and I don't give a damn about my child." As he said it he held against the empty house laden with their stings of fire to be read another day, another time.

She not against him, passing shared papers with him, pain and humor passing. Daisy watched her and as the last of the summer she appeared darker and more lively than ever before. The red flower soon warmed a pattern into her hands and fell across her bare shoulders and something stirred inside him and he knew it was the white tropical passion that sets at the white man who loves a native girl and finally destroys his reason. Until he moved home he was beautiful, he had never found an other more to his liking but this was the jungle and the life went out and away and it should be now rather than later. The longer he stayed the harder it got. There was still the world to see, the people around the next bend of the journey the distant island that haunted the peaceful sleep where insomnia raged and pallidness was the warden of the day. He should have gone long ago. He turned his thoughts back. He must be free now, free and determined. He decided to concentrate upon the loss now at hand the morning with Lain which would mean his escape and return him to civilization.

"You will be a fool like all men," Lain told him. "And you will find only disappointment without your Lain." With that she got up and disappeared, running into the dim morning light.

Daisy called after her and started to follow but the old man turned his way, standing in the path looking with pity and sadness at the white man's flight. Something like a very much faded smile he set before him.

Without speaking Daisy turned and walked away.

There in the white jungle, half way up the hill, as a tiny dim where houses were around their broad leaves and framed a picture of a playing blue water far below. Daisy had the momentary faith. He was understanding something more than words and then. The heart of the sea watched her and distant to his eyes.

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The women, looking from within, struggled through tangled vines and trees, but had glancing red gold in the afternoon sun. "Couldn't it have been on the beach?" she complained.

"The water here," Daisy told her. She clambered in a bare spot and slid down to her knees. As she knelt she took in her surroundings: the stacks of bamboo that cut out the sunlight, the wild, exotic flowers. "This is an old mine site," she observed. As she snail of a handsome man's face and a glint came into her eyes.

Daisy noticed it in that split second before she realized it was an antique Lolo's old necklace. But he pulled that memory from his mind.

"Well," the woman said, speaking with her arms stretched back over her head. The reflection of those left away from her breasts. They were white and again he thought of the dark, warm surface of Lolo's body.

Lolo smiled expectantly. "Glad," Daisy said, kneeling on the ground beside her, her own striding her waist, drawing her to him. She was bent forward in his bare breast came in contact with hers. He bent her head back and kissed her full on the throat and then on the mouth and again he smiled inside the comparison, moving her through backward, dwelling on Lolo. Lolo's lips were firm and sweet, they were like the lips of an old woman, firm and softened with sun and tobacco. He turned away, daisy leaving him like water drained from a broken pipe.

Something happened then, and Daisy was suddenly unable to see to the accident.

The women stirred impatiently and Daisy drew away for a moment, explained a little surprised at herself. "Where is?" he said, laughing nervously. "The mine had nothing like this happen before." And he turned against her, knowing she, well, disappointed not to feel.

Lolo stirred again, the look on her face changed gradually to irritation. Then he began his impetuous leaning back in surprise.

"Well, what the hell?" she said indignantly. "We're not as important."

But Daisy refused to leave her. He pressed the question, concerning my visions to get in preventing himself but all that could come was the image of Lolo, the of the lovely body reaching out to him, and his fumbling attempts were reduced to nothing.

Lolo sighed and expected himself on one elbow.

Daisy tried to grin, but a wave of humiliation burned over him like the hot breath of a scalded dog. He had never imagined this could happen to him. The thought of being his visibility shamed him and he went through the motions of smiling himself but there were no smiles and finally he admitted that it was no use, he simply gave up.

He sat there, abandoned, his brain moving for the proper words to recover himself. By now, Lolo was crossed and sitting upright, studying him.

"In any," he said lamely, frustrated and dependent in his humiliation. "Capes, but I'm sorry."

"The next for visitors," she said, pointing her open into the last that morning.

"Well," he said, "has never happened before," and then to Daisy's "Glad," and I've been with all kinds of women."

"What sometimes it strikes up with a man?" She was a little more sympathetic. "A woman and you, I mean."

"For hell," Daisy said, disgusted with himself, words finally finding him.

A hat had depended on this little task, it was to have decided his own weakness, so to speak. Now he knew as well as he knew anything that the trip was all that unexpected to enthusiasm was out of the question with her. She wanted payment for the introduction she could offer and it had to be on her terms. He had failed her in the only payment he could provide. Daisy just couldn't make the grade. She had come away convinced.

"You know what?" she said, getting up unthinkingly. "You're looking that much better for a while. I don't think you really want to leave, you're bored a home here." She was slowing down at her, studying him something he despised, suddenly pulling thoughts into his head.

Daisy didn't mean to touch him, not that this Lolo's awkward form. Capes one half of a way to be in thought. He sat wondering what had happened to his own power. Was he really even the being himself? But it couldn't happen to a man in his power, or could it? He had heard of those things before but he'd never thought that was the thing was done by wouldn't open thought with being alone. At that moment he expected the place he'd made to others. The tables were turned, the laugh was on him.

now.

He sighed deeply as he sat with his elbows on his knees, he looked up at her and three his voice out in a pattern of thought.

"Don't worry," she said, her own surprising herself as she had a comforting hand on his head. "Probably a not with you; it's the girl. You're in love with that little Indian woman."

"You're right," Daisy in his vulnerability would have admitted anything from him. He wasn't thinking straight. Hearing the explanation for words made himself into his own system. "I don't know the meaning of the word," he said finally.

Lolo was looking out over the scene. "I'll be moving up on the coast tonight," she said. "Let's get down to the boat. I need a drink and I think you could use one, too."

Daisy sat on a fallen palm trunk digging at the sand with the tip of her hand, trying to philosophize. There wasn't much he could do about the rapidly disappearing world. But the new problem, well.

There were certain medicines, herbs and such, he consulted himself with that but it was figuring a way to suppress the old within desire that concerned him most. Daisy knew he made the staff that was so sweet, but was old men made in for it. And Daisy knew part of the formula and it seemed any wouldn't pass any proof and drug act. He nearly gagged at the thought of having to take it.

He looked a little beside him and pulled apart. It was Lolo. She wasn't smiling. Her face was an impetuous Indian mask, showing nothing of what she felt. Her long hair was braided into a single strand, bits of red paint were woven into the long black braid and it fell across one shoulder and trailed around her breast. Her lips were firmly painted. She looked as though she could not weep.

Daisy thought of the drunken boy and a shiver went down his spine. In the background he could hear the drums pounding in the marketplace. The dealer was wearing his pattern. Then Daisy thought maybe he could talk somebody into getting the medicine for him. And again, when a hell of a thing is bound happen?

He looked up without moving. "Well," he asked curiously.

Her eyes narrowed and took on fire. "You make a big mistake, Daisy," she said. "Lolo knows many things. Lolo knows that her own is weak. All women know that a man



# the most privileged class

by ROSALE BYRNE

**TODAY IS TODAY,** among Americans elsewhere a tremendous investment toward democracy is now paid as often as the disservice and needed vocabulary for desire. However, no matter how legal they try to achieve and maintain a feeling of security that money has created and never will, there is one privileged class neither they nor anyone else can do a thing about bringing down to the level of the common herd. This is that very special class composed of beautiful women.

As long as there are men around for most privileged class will we have not only to exist, but, to rule in triumphant way. Beauty shall save the soul of society whether said society is organized as an empire, a dictatorship or a democracy. This special class is a fact always has been a fact and always will be over time. Few doubted that by first and above, Adam sat in the Garden of Eden.

To admit such, the Bible beauty, the Old Testament is surrounded by beautiful women fully as well as by prophets and public makers. From Judith in Jerusalem, Eve, who stood out with Satan, outwitted David and Hagar, and Deborah continuing to give poor old Samson that sweetest. These beauties compared and have continued over time to measure the imaginations of men, even though their bones have long since turned to dust and no records, carved, painted or photographed exist today to remind their locations.

They exist without names as they exist here, because men are able to meet beauty as women and human women less favored find it, there is satisfaction of there are as well as pages of envy. You don't believe it? Then watch some time when two women enter a subway car or a bus, or a crowded railroad coach... one of them beauty and carrying packages, the other beautiful and laden only with her handbag. For which receives the last offer of a seat from a man. Many keep out of the satisfaction of beauty will

rule almost all of man's destiny.

How many beauty girls or women have you seen coming out of you from magazine advertisements? Have you seen them in textbooks intent to show such beauty as by way of content. Usually at the standard levels where activity is all important, how many beauty girls make the grade in schoolhouses? Dressed fine, and those only because of speculative ability. All out, or things being equal, how many beauty girls make the grade out of the great wall themselves? make "big" earnings? Not many.

This is an agreed and world wide state of affairs. A girl may come from anywhere and may have the measure of a peasant but when any stand like a banner operating at high speed she may be totally lacking in logic or intelligence yet if she is possessed of beauty she finds a way under the sun, over the moon, or a bit in hand, but she can still take the short. Beauty makes to the top, it actually may lead the world.

The big long girls reality is a state of affairs that has given the Communists his own race. Mao, Trotsky and Lenin showed the Russian back in 1917, who looking down take over and run the land in behalf of the Russian experiment. Ever since, the rulers of the Soviet Union have been desperately seeking to replace the beautiful girl by the hard fought strong armed beauty from an factory working woman who will, presumably, drive soon. Efforts to make work steady to keep such happiness out of sight and mind.

Yet the Russians continue to prefer their beautiful ballerinas despite all the demands of the state propaganda machine to make them look the other way. This is one of the most encouraging signs to non-Communist nations — for it shows they value at least one of the "world's" beauties. They have long desired as a symbol of capitalist decadence. Come what may and of the current power struggle the campaign against beauty in women is one

campaign the Soviets are bound to lose.

While tight-minded theocrats and serious dogmatists all too often would look on first about beauty and its up old ideas as if they constituted a sin against nature and man, there is much evidence that the reverse is true. There is a point has looked here for the male instinct is preoccupied about the best looking girls around.

In the first place, beauty is almost always a symptom of health. Instead of sickly, dainty, sickly classes as Communist advertising can project beauty the female girls blessed with the measure of good looks are the more apt than their less favored sisters to survive life's tribulations naturally. They develop fewer feelings of inferiority, least know from within and let less bitterness.

Thus the beautiful girl is not only far more likely than a beauty girl to have healthy, handsome children — she tends to have the very disposition that will bring them to happy and well adjusted to whatever comes their way. So privilege in fact is strong, needs to keep them from high, just as money brings some of some.

Of course exceptions are rampant. All of us know at least one beauty who has been spoiled rotten from infancy, who is concerned only with the development and progression of her own comfort conditions, who will never be of the slightest use to anyone else but her love, husband or child. They discuss the happiness and when they do, they are more than anything a kindly woman is apt to give.

No what is it, when you see what of one of these "beauty queens"? Well, once you have learned the code, they are right in front of her own mirror and run like the shell in search of the next perfect face you can find. You may wonder out they too have tried the search but had her time. Only remember when you are with a beautiful girl, you are in the company of a member of the only aristocracy that has survived all the revolutions of our industrial age. And treat her accordingly. ☐



"If because I said again a moment, I never had to take such a little sleep."

—Narcissus

It was some minutes later than three weeks to transform the comfortable little world of John Leonard Skelton II into a night-mare version. Three weeks—the time it took for the well-meaning policeman to take a fortnight on his feet and see, "There's enough, isn't it—you're coming with me!"

It was because the night was such a pleasant one with the star dusted ceiling of heaven looking pretty down upon the streets of the city that Jack had decided to walk home instead of calling a cab. It was merely with these ideas that he

been mostly walking. It had been unusually satisfactory to wear most of his duds with 2000.

They had been known for almost five months without a serious quarrel. In the entire time, during which one of such polio-symptoms between independent young adults, dating period, they were engaged although neither had seriously thought up the matter of marriage. There was plenty of time for marriage, if either of them felt passionately in love elsewhere first. Such was the basis of their love understanding. There had been once in a fashion designer Jack had his as partner in a small but thriving public relations firm. They enjoyed being together in and out of bed, they trusted one another.

And then the policeman looked for Jack at Jack's door as he was about to turn into his home block. The policeman said: "That's enough, wait—put on some socks, me!"

Jack's quiet instant first reaction was that it was some sort of joke—but there were no funny either of mockery or amusement in the man's light-lipped manner as he urged him to come to a quiet car waiting at the curb and wait here. "How's number—I caught the walking along in half a year please. Cloney."

Jack's second reaction was that his apparent sport was some sort of mistake. Being bigger a few feet and not a foot he could be pointed as he was half pushed into the bend.

—turn the page

She took possession of his well-organized, happy life and slowly and insidiously destroyed him

# ANNETTE

by GUY DEVAL



A SIR KNIGHT Roman Novel



Jack looked out at her, smiling only to realize himself how looking her to a girl

"Whenever I will open a window,  
I never fail to take with me a little  
wind."

—Narcissus

A. D. C.

It took, however, less than three words to bewitch the remarkable little model of John Leonard Rayburn II into a night mare's mistress. "Three words — the first it took for the unbalanced polymath to turn a thoughtless on his face and say "That's enough, now — you're coming with me."

It was because the night was such a pleasant one, with the star-dusted ceiling of heaven looking pretty down upon the streets of the city, that Jack had decided to walk home instead of taking a cab. At his coming with these three had not

been nearly waiting; it had been completely satisfactory — as was that of his date with Dora.

They had been known for almost five months without a serious quarrel in the rather loose, when most of such relationships between unbalanced young adults, Jack supposed they were engaged. Although neither had seriously thought up the matter of marriage. There was plenty of time for marriage, a number of them felt passionately in love elsewhere first. Jack was the boss of them last, understanding Dora had her career as a fashion designer. Jack had his — partner in a small but thriving outfit in business suits. They appeared happy to gether, as well out of love that looked one another.

And then the polymath looked her right on Jack's face as he was about to turn into his home block. The polymath said: "That's enough, now — you're coming with me."

Jack's quite natural first reaction was that it was some sort of joke — but there were no signs either of mockery or amusement in the rapid, light-speed manner in he uttered his sentence to a rapid no answer of the man's and said briefly, "Have a motion — I caught him walking along as hard as you please, Glensy."

Jack's second reaction was that he appeared almost like some sort of mistake. Being neither a husband nor a fool, he made no move as he was half pushed into the first

—turn the page

She took possession of his well-organized, happy  
life and slowly and insidiously destroyed him

# ANNETTE

by GUY DEVAL





A SIR KNIGHT Basso Merclet

Jack looked out for  
her, making sure he  
wasn't around from  
her shop for the night.





rest of the action after being unconsciously killed. The sight of the sleeping officer's dress uniform until then kept concealed from her gaze, told her that was not a reward he needed.

He did not. "Would you mind telling me what this is all about?" and uttered a groan. "You'll find out soon enough," then effectively silenced him. Then he was drawn to the nearest window where with one bound of further consciousness there he found himself in a cage with a pair of shrews hunched over their stink about and rapped in a corner a fat, red-eyed chicken who had wandered mistakenly down the front of his shirt and coat and a pair of disheveled pants in the process. These shreds and brother socks about his ankles after his arrest, a slow mumbled youth protesting shrilly against Miss Underwood's thrust into the cage with them.

"You can't do this to me!" the effeminate young man protested peering a deeply bleary look of woe at him into pain. "There are laws in this land to protect citizens against just this sort of atrocity."

"And you," said a quiet tired looking plainclothesman from the outside of the cage door, "are violating most of them just by being alive."

The youth shut up and missed when a corner is made.

Wondering what the hell had just happened anyway, Jack settled down to wait for whatever was to happen. Events, it appeared, were entirely out of his control.

He must have dozed off on one of the plain wooden chairs with which the cage was sparsely furnished. At any rate he came to with a start to find the others shuddering through the brown girl under those police guard.

No far too much and no confusion over still a mystery. The whole group, with the exception of the drunk, were bearded into a thick black mass and driven to a bench of the City Hospital still under guard. They landed in a tightly lit dispensary while one after another of them was taken away. Jack was the last to be taken.

He was ushered into a room on the fifth floor where a bed lay in front of a pane, this and here was to be a lonely morning one of these from whom to shudder lay heavily out, while the stunted, thin handbags and coat plastered pieces of muddled gear covered much of the floor. His bed shuddered length, rather straight dark brown hair and his

lips were pulled and stretched. One of her eyes was purple and swollen shut. The other stared at him dully, helplessly.

A plainclothesman stood beside the bed. He said watching the girl: "Here, you were seen that one before?"

"Then, you didn't with the girl a year ago?" he continued to study him. Then the man in a thin, dry voice: "I'm not sure. It could have been him. He's big enough and having the right color of hair. The thin arms shivered slightly and his fingers plinked at the covers. There made showing himself down the unbuttoned pockets of his cheeks.

"Here—here's all for me!" the plainclothesman said in his low, level voice. He snatched and Jack was taken out of the room and back to the dispensary where he sat with a man until the shrews joined them. Jack was the officer and offered a report. "There are that girl before," he said.

"Don't worry," said the officer, reaching for a phone on a wall table. "I can have your girl come through for you. If she shows, I'm about sure it's trouble."

"Trouble!" the officer spoke quickly, heavily into the instrument. Jack suddenly realized that his police and the man of his two were meaning that the contents of his stomach and disposition were loaded and so tightly that he had difficulty taking a breath. "Trouble!" All at once he realized that the pitiful laugh lying on the bed in his handbags had said, "It could have been him. How big enough and he's got the right colored hair."

It then didn't level off with the effort, if the very too sleepy to think straight, if the repeated came out of perfect glee. He thought entirely, absolutely, to put a run on each thinking. But now seemed to stand still in the cell ward through.

"Miss Underwood," said the officer. "This is Detective Sergeant Carroll."



With them are was a charming scene

"That is my knowledge," said Jack. The plainclothesman was beginning to wear off and Jack was beginning to shiver in his room. "Others would you mind telling me—"

The plainclothesman asked: "If you don't know the story—if you do, I want to tell you anything you. You saw that girl upstairs? Well, she was beaten up and raped on the edge of the park just after you and some minutes from the spot where you were parked up."

"Miss Underwood," said Jack, keeping his self-control and with some help with an effort. "I was on my way right night to my girl and—" He gasped. "Don't believe and her name?" "I may not be playing the patient up telling you that," he concluded, "but I know you won't go blinding it around here."

of the Police. "Yes, that's right."

"My wife is holding a John Ray. Here. He says he was with you at seven minutes past one that morning last night. You, I'm afraid I am being serious. He was? You're sure of the time?" "Oh, you get your alarm clock by the radio just one minute later?" "Thank you very much, Miss Underwood. We may have to send a man to confirm this tomorrow." "No more, I'm sorry, but I can't give you details at this moment. Yes, Mr. Rayburn is quite all right." "Thank you."

He hung up a moment later and something of the tension that came out of his manner. He offered Jack another report, took one him self and said: "You're a very lucky guy. Your girl sounds like a damned nice girl—and she seems to think a lot of you."

"There's a doll," said Jack, without a word more, as he came on the wing back. Then, "Can I go home now?" God, for a minute there, I was awestruck!

"Not yet, I'm afraid," said the officer, pushing back his hat and looking down in a stern life, a calculating look of mind. "We're running a check night now—downright, day and night. A very poor state of affairs, I take it."

My ears as storage till next week," said Jack, all at once looking almost half-headed with relief—he had stopped to chat with the doctor, who knew him well. He said, "It was the man's right to take a cab." Then, "But why should that—why should the think I might have done it? I'm no God-damn scoundrel."

"Black—maybe," Sergeant Corbett said sympathetically. "He was beat up pretty bad. Care for some water while we're waiting?"

"Thanks," said Jack. Corbett picked up the phone again and gave the order.

"Why did you say, Black—maybe, just now, sergeant?" Jack inquired.

The plainclothesman turned back in his chair, comfortably sitting the stress of his shoulder backer. He put out his cigarette, lit another and said, "I was afraid you were going to be the man I saw you in the cage at the station."

"Why?" asked Jack.

"Because," said the detective again, "you were the only target, Jack, at it from the girls' point of view. She's a Miss from Newbury, just a working lass. We don't know what happened to her—! I mean we know that she was raped and beat up, but we don't know how or why it happened. But, the fact is, a surprising size of the worst rape of this town as a thing. She was screaming copper, and we got there and the guy gets away. He put out a dragnet and beat it. What a drunk a couple of fellows who don't even want a tag—and you take I put out just yourself as her plain, half-headed out. A Miss from Newbury, when we put into them in front of her. If you was her, which one would you prefer?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Jack. Rayburn softly in the imagination with it. "Was mean I could be beat her rape just as a half-out victim girl's conscience?"

"If your child's a girl, you still could," Corbett said, without a word. "It isn't something we take to take, or even think about. Rayburn

but there are plenty of poor women there in life, it's almost around this country for the nearly dead—and it's a pity but not all of them did what the jury decided they did. You think about that the next time you decide to take a walk home alone after dark."

## II

Jack's attention was drawn away from the subject of mysterious accused or imprisoned women for the week that followed his acquaintance. He hardly, not even then, seemed able to understand Jack's sense of horror of having had an alien upon under him only to snap shut before he could tell anybody else it. His comment was typically Dave, as the next day, "Looking the next time you wanted rape, try to do it at a more reasonable hour."

The blotted comment of Lou Walker, the very first very pretty, young secretary companion, who actually ran the Rayburn House of the day even more disturbing. After studying Jack with almost lightning accuracy, she quickly picked a copper and sent into place and said, "It seems incredible. Mr. Rayburn, that anyone could have mistaken you for that kind of a comment. I mean after all, you're not the very type."

Speechless Jack went to the men's room and indignantly read his reflection in the big mirror over the washbasin. "God damn it!" he exploded to his partner, Lou. "You, who was removing the three-inch shadow with an electric comb at the moment. That damn it—I am the very type!"

Lou, thinking and more carefully looked around at Jack in surprise and mistrust. "Evidently the police don't think so, otherwise, which is probably a good thing. Don't let it get you down. I think you're away as anything."

"Oh, shut up!" was the last Jack could utter.

He shook back to his desk feeling thoroughly embarrassed as a peevish note. It had come answered to him before he was whether he was any use or not—as he up he was convinced. This was a problem for women in charge, and they were welcome to it.

Now it was there, there after the night of his party, and he was due to take Dave out for a day after all the time as partial return for the way she had looked him.

The afternoon hurried, bringing him out of his somewhat disturbed reverie. Lou said, "There's a Miss Thomas here to see you. Mr. Rayburn."

"Who is she?" Jack asked rather more sharply than was his wont. Lou's remark about his not being very ill interested.

"She won't be pleased—the wants to explain something. Shall I send her in?"

"Oh," if Lou had meant it, he should see Miss Thomas, he was going to have to see Miss Thomas. "Send her in."

"Right away, ma'am," said the port land. And as a soft voice, "If she has anything to say, and I'll come you." She cut the switch before he could decide.

Jack was still automatically looking down before he caught and blew his nose when the girl entered. She seemed to smile rather than walk through the threshold door. She spoke, in a light, but rather harsh, contralto. "Mr. Rayburn? I'm Annette Thomas. I've come here to try and explain why I did what I did."

At first, Annette Thomas looked utterly ordinary—the sort of unobtrusive young woman neither smart nor shabby, neither barely nor pretty, that a man might pass a hundred times while walking two blocks to town. He did not look in any way familiar.

Then, glancing her head around the normality of the rather than ordinary walk itself, the pathetic face of well out of shape, with the length and narrowness of Jack. But just above heavily attracted attention. Then he saw the faint suggestion of the thin around one of the eyes, beneath the heavy, pale pink makeup, the all over faded and battered appearance of the rest, and the fact that she held one of her arms stiffly towards the loose black shoulder that covered it. Annette Thomas was the girl in the hospital last the rape victim who had come to this in working the day.

"He said, 'There's nothing to explain. Miss Thomas.'"

"But there is," she repeated, sitting forward one of the chairs in front of her desk and gripping the back as tightly her knuckles turned yellow. "I know, did an awful thing to you. Mr. Rayburn. I almost ruined up your whole life."

"But you didn't," he replied, after a pause. "You were suffering from shock and not really responsible for what you did."

"But I was—I mean, responsible," she said, looking toward him over the back of the chair with an intensity Jack found a little frightening. "I know it, wasn't you, but when I met you there—looking so

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will demand and care of yourself. I hated you. I guess I hated all men just then."

"You can hardly be blamed for that," he put in.

"Right after I read it I could have hit my finger out, the ground. I know I'll chase a terrible thing if made me sick—wider than I was already. When I heard you got out of it clear, I promised I'd come and see you and try to tell you how it happened."

Jack Harbun was touched. He continued her into the front hall and found her a cigarette, which she smoked with a shake of the head. He said: "It's all your thank God! Is there anything I can do to help you, Miss Thomas?"

"It's not all over," she cried. "Not for me. I had to quit my job. I've got to move. When they know me everybody looks at me funny. You know."

Jack hadn't considered this angle of her problem before. Come to think of it, the girl was at a spot. "Haven't you any family—any relatives you could visit?" he asked.

"Nobody," she replied. "I don't know who my parents were. I'm a—well, a something." She spoke the word as if she had to force it through her thin, tremed lips. Her body shrank beneath the change of position down that covered it, and Jack noted more as he listened that she was not as bright as he had at first supposed. There was sturdiness and a woman's body under the shyness.

"What are you do?" he asked shyly.

"I can type," she replied. "I can fix and take shorthand. Mr. Harbun, I need a job."

The sudden direction of the conversation put him back on his psychological track. "Have you references?" He said it before he knew he meant to say it, and the damage was done.

She had references, quite good ones from her ex-Paris dress shop, even credit. They had been gratifying for weeks that the prosperity of the publications business demanded the services of another girl like herself.

Late that evening in Dana's apartment, he tried to analyze and explain his behavior. "What bothers me," he said, "is the fact that I feel obligated to her after all she's done for me. It ought to be the other way around."

Dana found him pondering a moment here on her big sofa, modelled to hold people up to him. "You had supper, didn't you, what are you doing?" she said

him. "It's understandable, if a little odd."

"Speaking of you," said Jack, "are [I stay?]

Dana sat up and turned to study him directly, her face very close to his. "Think me of the few things about you, Jack—your look to Marie Stuart, or Shakespeare. You're not by a very slender degree." She patted her thin full lips and then caught him and held them for a long inspiring moment. "When do you care how any you are, so long as you're comfortable?"

He had to fight against smiling. "But how do I know what I'm getting from you when I really want?" He considered something momentarily and let it go, already turning his hands slowly over her hair as if to show her.

Just what was he getting from Dana, anyway? he wondered. She was—but not in a charming game, played for the moment of the moment. She as children to some extent, again civilization might have spared it, as an example for Arthur Barker as the father of his "New World." There was more than one of coming to a relationship with Dana. There was friendship of a sort, attachments shared through experiences on a tender level. There was even an element of pride in the people and possession of such a girl—if, at last, he did possess her. There was an element of respect in her thinking about such issues of such a moment.

Her hands made free of her body after drawing her dress short clear of her shoulders. William thought she had Dana was following their most serious ritual, one which had until the present both charmed and delighted him.

In a moment, Dana would have turned and made her last, laughing at the double the gesture always caused him. Then she would turn her body seriously on the sofa so that her dress fastenings were at least of him. Then she would say: "Thank me, darling."

On special nights, the Ward is an exquisite, the love-courtesy right there on the sofa rather than in the bedroom beyond—Jack supposed Dana derived a sense of strength

from it, from even from this private feeling conversation. Until now, he had provoked and enjoyed, without thought of analysis.

Now without warning he was faced with a desire to spend the established routine, the unconscious, the fact that had itself become conversation between them. He was alone, how Dana would react if he were to reach her up to her head

clothing from her body, to bring her on the carpet and take her there on the floor.

Which was, of course, ridiculous. What was the sense in making such a good thing when he had it going for him? Dana would probably have nothing more to do with him—and Dana had become a very important part of his life in the months since their affair had gotten under way. Yet he found himself comparing her to the girl who had nearly put him as good as a late change of eyes, who had visited his office that afternoon, and to whom he strongly, he had given employment.

It was an ironic comparison, almost a prototype one. About Dana even in his moments of deepest poverty, there was a healthy, generous quality, a sense of responsibility but not a thorough, mature. It might have been told before, at all she was playing, although it happened to be so.

About the other girl, Annette there being an air of indifference. Not without her courage the sense of a society that could trust any woman as it had permitted Annette to be treated. Annette was not beautiful in any accepted sense of the word, but very superficially at least, without a trace of beauty or of the detachment from self that makes her more possible. Jack knew even with out having as much as touched her that to Annette sex was not, never could be a game. It was, ordination against the jungle.

And at that moment, Jack longed for just that—for the deeper meaning he felt must be somewhere in his depths. He longed to have Dana as Annette had been, born there in the park, to make her woman and woman, rather than bright and gay. For as distant as he wanted it he to his right hand held out a side.

Then she tilted her head for ward in the lamellar motion and her lips and teeth nibbled at his ear until he shuddered. She drew back, laughing, and turned her body like some large, heavy kitten and said: "Thank me, darling."

Obviously, his fingers extended toward the sleep.

### III

ANNETTE seemed to be a good worker, if not over-enthusiastic. Every new thing had to be explained and demonstrated to her in detail—there was no intuitive grasp of the meaning of the job—but, once explained and more demonstrated, it was never forgotten. Lou Tolliver seemed pleased with her assistant, and even Lou Jensen found the newcomer satisfactory.

Unaccountably, Jack found himself disconcerted that Anatole should have been unimpressed. Underneath the sympathy that had caused him to give her the job lay a definite scorn at having her in the vicinity. He tried to tell himself that such a reaction was wholly natural in view of the circumstances of their first getting-to-be-know-as-one-finds-out-but he failed.

The real cause of his disquiet was the deeper — and was far more difficult to dissect mentally. It lay in the fact that, whenever he saw her, he found his whole being focused on speculation as to what Anatole was like in bed. Yet with her airs of poverty and her thin little mind she actually repelled him.

She repelled him — but he married her like many. And the paradox was neither as odd nor thoughtful as most



Why was it so easy for Anatole to

as well as when he was a boy or with Tracy. Yet he felt so unaccountably moved her that he could not bring himself to make a point of her. He didn't believe she would cry any more again — but the mere possibility was unnerving. Watching her taking her walks, with her head down and her legs crossed, suggested his hours of thought. Watching her at her desk, miserably typing her staccato notes while staring at the wall with an empty, vacant look on her countenance, but always conscious, gave added force to his belief that he had married her for the wrong reason. Just watching her enter or leave a room caught his full, distracted attention to the exclusion of all other matters.

It was Anatole, rather than Jack who broke the changeless deadlock.

One afternoon when he had

finished dictating the secretary's outgoing mail, he emerged from the privacy of his locked sanctum as usual to discover the hollowing of an otherwise empty office around him.

"There's J. M. Thomas," he said. "I didn't realize how late it was!"

"That's all, Mr. Thomas," she replied, gathering mail and pencil and rising from her chair with a nervous half-smothered shuffling motion that disrupted her hair more than would any gracefulness on her part. Then she too hesitated, caught like himself by the emptiness that surrounded them both. Then with the penetrating consciousness she had revealed when asking him for a job she departed. It's only Mr. Thomas I mean — the present Jack, my family-disposed and impoverished and the pale pink tip of her tongue over her lower lip.

"Yes!" He fought the congested breathlessness that, all at once, gripped his lungs.

What I mean — she related deeply her life, several months during which "You're a good man, Mr. Thomas, a really good man. I wouldn't make trouble for you."

"How would you know that?" Unaccountably, he had turned from his kind but dumb man standing close over her but his right hand were motion from her belt chain.

"Oh!" She too had flow to her words in distress, then less slowly clearly she said, very solemnly: "I can tell how you've been feeling. At first, I couldn't believe of a man like you. Then I found out better. I was the way you — the way you are and that night of married it is so!"

Jack staggered then it gave her the lie — he smiled. There had he wanted to. He said: "I don't know Miss Thomas. I don't know."

She laid down her pen and pressed on his desk. Then her body thrusting toward him with its immediate vulnerability she said: "Maybe there's only one way to get it out of your system. You don't have to be afraid of me!"

It was then that, with its inherent challenge to his courage that required the rational calm within. Jack He grasped her wrist and drove her toward him. She came slowly, looking up at him through lowered lashes her body a little sideways and wringing as if she expected a blow. Then she was crushed against him, then almost long after he'd dashed down and the path of her eyesight closed before still, the words she whispered up, luxuriating for her did this unaccountably slowly came, typed around her neck. And

then, to the heavy bulk between them, he thrust everything else but the fact of having this woman who had come so strongly, so shockingly, into his life.

The further after words was a lot of time there's soft down — but the necessity of the position that "married" it was because there's completed — hardly less than that he and Dana had shared together. The reason their embrace was complete Jack knew that this was no game of love, this was passion in form, full power. There was what he had known deep inside him had to happen from the moment the wall washed into his office for the first time.

When reality in nature returned, he studied Anatole, wondering if himself and at the driving passion his emotion, rather than they body could generate like himself, quite unconsciously under his scrutiny and moved to cover himself with the patterned white slip that had fallen to the carpet long before. Clearly he took it away from her.

"You mean I must stop looking at you?" he said but quietly. "After all."

"It's not shared like that," she said with a touch of sadness.

"And just how is it shared?" he asked.

She tried to take the step from how he had shared his first, and in the last wrestling that appeared passion faded away. When it was over it left the city beyond the of the window by which he watched. He reached for his lips which were dry now, and dashed at desire and said, holding her by the wrist with both hands. What is left as I go up to the sixth floor?

"Nothing," she said "unless you want to be dangerous."

"Quite dangerous?" he replied in wonder. She had said nothing about what they had just been through together — and she called him "Mr. Thomas." "That," he repeated. "Jack Jack Jack, darling!"

"That," she said unaccountably, as if she found it hard to push the simple syllable through her lips. Then, looking away, she said: "It doesn't sound right here in the office. She wrapped to her herself of his grip and he let her go.

He took her to an off beat restaurant where Anatole was already disturbed by the rise of the golden clock. She refused both cooked and uncooked, stating that she neither drank nor smoked. When he took her home to her dingy apartment, even in a fading section of town she proudly refused to let him cross

ANNETTE, from page 37

up for a night. "Why couldn't you have told them so much," she pushed. When he suggested if they go to a hotel, she seemed heavily shocked.

All the way home, he wondered what an awful life was going to be with her. Marjorie, of course, was out of the question — they were utterly too different to work in business together. But he knew himself, trapped, trapped by his lady and emotions far more deeply than he was, poor fellow and full of second emotions could ever hold him. He began to wonder what he was going to do about Dana.

Being a man of delicate flesh, Rayburn had noticed while he was heavily fond of Dana, and it was not difficult to realize while making out the features of only the affection that he began feared him. But Annette was in the marriage phase that haunted him, a different and more difficult battle of life. In his own when she persuaded him to marry her she was an unknown she was as if possessed of the forces of some ancient love goddess. Other was she kept him that night and of her life. She refused to spend a night with him, and always laugh when he tried to get her to marry before lying with him. Only when present was actually controlling her did he realize the reason.

To his horror, Jack found himself speaking as to what Annette did when she was not with him or in the office. And the matter he found, one whose weakness she was subjected to. Or — unbearable — was there more than one other husband? Incredibly, Jack found himself for the first time in his adult life, torn with remaining power of policy. But it was unbearable was the horror the husband between them that he found his every last period or rather blasted against it.

He didn't dare tell anyone that the girl was consuming him like some hot disease out of a Frankenstein's laboratory.

He finally convinced her to let him, sometimes, and, now for one longer bout of friendship, she was so nervous and unhappy as to let in a strong friendship. And once again, she refused to sleep the night with him.

Then, Dana went away on a vacation trip to visit relatives on the West Coast and Jack found himself very much alone during the time of his leave when Annette refused to see him. "But what do you do with yourself?" he asked in exasperation.

"I think," she said, "I have to have time to think. Don't you?"

"I suppose so," he said, not be-

lieving her and wishing the way to ask her what she really thought as important to think about. It was not yet 30 weeks, but Annette had made him long for home. There was something in her manner, in her tone, that shocked Jack even more than what she wanted she was going straight to bed! But she was still before him.

After seeing her to her door he did something he had never before done. Instead of going on his way, he dismissed the cab and took up observation duty in the stable neighborhood for the evening. By placing himself at the rear end of the business building, he could keep Annette's house in full view.

Jack had his eyes against the closed doors of the school. He stood there, just inside and to one side of the hall continued from window. He noticed a drink from the kitchen, moved backward, and then another, and wondered a little at what was happening to him. The place reeked of wine, sweat and cooking clothing and skin hair and liquor and even other food food. He perceived the place and noted its appearance as dark as the night.

When he looked back he was in time to see the tall building shape of the man entering Annette's room. And then the building shape was with Annette's against her very, very close, almost at a distance of a few inches. And then the light went out.

## IV

FOR TWO MONTHS and seven minutes by the big clock on the end wall, Jack Rayburn remained his lonely spot in the nondescript school. Again and again, he tried to force himself to leave — but something stronger held him there. He had to know how long the lasting stranger played with Annette in the room, if possible, who he was and what he had to understand to know how and why he had taken it. The building was his in America. He had an odd, unorthodox notion of going strong as he and those moving inevitably slowly, one after the other, but he had to know, had to want him to suffer.

Twice the school almost emptied around him as he walked with new groups of students now talking men who laughed at jokes beyond his comprehension or conversed amongst themselves — with dark looking women, heads and mouths drunk and tight, who poked and laughed and stared at the last man, in the shadowed booth behind him.

More than once he was approached privately enough by talking or by

four strangers — but he had, small desire to show or hide the sharp edge of his weaknesses, and he withdrew, politely, into himself.

Then in his mind completely grew up hope of getting any of the knowledge he dreamed yet had to acquire. The light in Annette's room went out. He watched, without shadow, pass the window blind for a few shocking minutes, and then once more the window was dark like last time as he reached for his glass.

Months later the family of two went their separate and a new state out. He boarded, turned up his jacket collar against the late night chill, then came diagonally across the pavement, toward the school. Jack sat there, every impulse, and motion curiously struggling for his possession. He worked, saying nothing.

The man was known in the school. As he walked straightly Jack there was a small change of "Hello, Willy," and a man further down the hall said, "Then you are Willy?" "Don't mind if I do, Jim," said Willy, nothing himself on a red and black jacket topped that.

Jack studied the man in his own heart his answer and told himself it should not be answered by Willy's new trial look of dark direction. Although he was only seen on the window blind, had looked large and looking through some look of light and shadow. Willy was a small man. His head came barely above Jack's shoulder and the rough sharp edge up to him hung loosely on his frame. He wore the pattern of an old, worn jacket at a present, and his face had been broken more than once and badly cut, if not at all.

Then, thought Jack, meeting with the darkness of his own well known eye, was the man Annette preferred to himself. And then he told himself that there was small reason for his presence — after all, Annette was a mad a man, perhaps, who shouldn't she seek and find intimacy with a man of her own kind.

He observed that on the last night of his trip a glass with a few drops of blooded whiskey and placed a small beer alongside to complete the breakfast. In a few years to go, I think you can call your mind. Willy, "Waiter, back to her after what she does to you."

Willy answered, "What you mean do?" he said. "She came after me, and she had to see the life, that other time she asked. She took a few days' rest, and people I would tell. When did I cut out of there but when she started crying about."

"You should of kept on normal."



to life with a rhythmic vibrancy he had never before known.

"You beautiful," she said softly when it was over.

"If I were sorry, I'd say so," he said, helping her up. "But I'm not."

"It's not that," she whispered as softly returned words to her eyes.

"It's just that with you and the everything was so pleasant and fun and new."

Unexpectedly, her blue-posee opened with tears.

He let her cry silently, not touching the softness she needed against him. He studied her there in the half-light and wondered finally, he said: "Why did you hold yourself under wraps with me for so long time?"

"I didn't," she replied. Then pushing her hair back from her face: "I couldn't help it. I didn't know I could feel like this before." Her conversation of and her over-extended as distress.

"I suppose," he told her. "I ought to thank this actor boy, wherever he is for making you up."

"It's not the way you think it is," she replied with a trace of anxiety. "Thank I haven't let him see me for over a week. It's—fragments are a little in the context of myself as completely."

"Why couldn't you trust me?" he asked abruptly, angrily. "Why did you have to let somebody else speak for you?" If you hadn't held yourself under wraps so long, I'd never have— "It was his turn to let things out of."

She understood, and reason made her face flush with crimson towards her too. Looking toward him immediately she murmured: "The dancing here could I when I didn't really know what it was all about? Why couldn't you have explained me sooner?"

It was his turn to be unable to answer. Instead he reached for her again, to cover the sweet smile that had been turned his into Dana and in answer—of was no more of conversation, but when with Amette that whenever they had had was moved out there; Perhaps, they might find something open, deeper to re-construct their affection.

His face might have, and for the first time he noticed the ugly half-faded bruise below her right breast, the bruise, while a woman, but could have made, at least a weak, mother. She had said "I've been so much for my work."

He knew then, what had rankled Dana—and the know, even as he changed her burning body tight, that he and she were through.

Jack returned not back to his old one, alone alone later, with both his position and his emotions were not positive. He settled into the grind of work with whip-cracking energy, not so much the result of a real life but a had go from the day after drive, of his distant and distant. In Amette, who said this beyond a "I'll try to have you back, like Ray says," he said as little as response.

Watching her go silently, Jack never allowed an over about her but even he hated Amette more than before and only because her marriage was so unconsciously disturbed her but because he felt her to be the Phoenix of his former trouble-free prior to world. Had she not returned for the cups, that night in the park after pushing her lower Willy to his belly, he would still be happy with Dana and Dana with him.

When thanks to the loss of beautiful Amette had passed, Jack was filled with distress and disgust for all women that regarded it not expressed his distress and disgust with him self. What had been for him the greatest joy and delight in living had turned to something various and gloomy. The man and woman relationship had become that of mother-in-law, and he hated and despised both roles.

Dana was finished. There had part of life in California, she returned and departed over what had happened to her, he glad to turn her over to the actor and his associates whenever they might be. She was not coming back to New York. Both he and she had tried desperately to achieve the light, loving touch they had lost—but having tested deeper promises, they could not count on anything but. She was as beautiful as he, and as miserable but their former profound friendship could not spin the puff between what was and what had to be.

Jack was ruined. Dana was ruined—and it was Amette who had caused it. He could trace the nightmare throughout for days against her. He dashed himself for then going outward alone of his emotions, but there was nothing to could do about it. He hated Amette and he wanted her desperately—and he hated himself and her the more for her forbidden need. She was to thought, like some madman drug that could back a worker for its own pleasure.

Late that afternoon when it came time to catch up on his detentions he snuggled up the entrance and said:

"Look I want you to take some letters."

But it was not Love who appeared

in his doorway, and not pencils in hand. It was Amette, her body rigid with anger, her face. It being to make what she felt toward him. She said, in her slow, calm, controlled, "I don't want to see you—she's not a child."

"Okay," he said softly, "then, then," Amette. "I've begun to distrust and her immediately slapped him. She was something like in the second air and down behind his back, but her fingers were not moving on the short-hand and the dark hair open with both hand and chest.

She said without warning, "If you want me to Mr. Rayburn I'll quit right now."

It pulled him out of his moment of self pity. He looked down at her and said: "Why should you? You're a good worker. You're in line for a new one the best of the month."

"Why should I?" she asked. "Why shouldn't I? You think I can't get another job?"

"I think nothing of the sort," he returned, annoyed at her ability to good him to anger. "Why should you get another job?"

"Because you hate me," she told him bluntly.

He stopped dead. Half a dozen countries fluted through his mind, but all of them rang phony without relevance. Finally, he said: "Why shouldn't I?"

It was Amette's turn to be pulled. Her tongue tip appeared briefly, then was withdrawn. Unable to explain, she changed the subject: "You could have asked me to explain about—about Willy—and you just gave away without a word."

"Never explain, never explain," he snapped. Then pointed: "How in hell did you find out about this?"

"Yes—the bartender across the street from my place described you. It wasn't hard to figure out—even for me." Her eyes were steady, on him, upon his face.

"All right," he said. "Now do you think I'll be—finding out you were in mixed at all that you accused me before, then that you had the nerve to make me tell you how easily as you could go along with me again?"

Her face flushed with reddish red, but her voice had the thin voice of poison. "I tried to apologize about knowing you," she said. "And I tried—Lord how I tried—to make it up to you. I only saw Willy that one time, I had to see him, I had to know if I was over him."

"Who in hell should I believe you?" Jack countered. "I'd even as be spoken by know she was telling the truth."

Amette said him correctly, knew she had served. She switched to the attack. She said: "I didn't explain



about your having that other girl—  
—that Diana James?

"Why should you?" he asked sweetly.

"The why should you certainly about Willy—especially since I'm through with him?" she remarked. "That ain't no story book, now, is it? No, (she sighs). This is life, and all kinds of things happen. I got to work things out my own way, and like you had to go to Colchester to work yours out." She smiled and wiped the pink tip of her tongue as pointed before to impress the thing on that boy. "What's she like?" she asked like a fatherly woman before her.

"You can't know about Diana?" he told her, wondering how she had learned his other master's name—probably he thought through Lee's chatter. "I'm through with her, she thanks to me."

"Oh? Something strange something almost magical happened to the poor pretty poor woman? Confession time. It was suddenly the un-suspected love of a girl who has just discovered the weakness of love of being loved. Her eyes, her lips, her whole body, confessed. Her face when she spoke was gentler and more sympathetic to the world. So that's why you hate me. Mr. Rayburn? Because I made you think up with her?"

"I might have been the subtle influence of this influence because words begin alloy out at night have been the "Mr. Rayburn"—a might have been more awareness of the on two propitious situations and dialogue. But whatever the means, the finished article he had worn in her presence all day melted away. To his very total awareness he had bowed in his arms, and America in his.

Now there was no little modesty about removing her clothes, now of the unexpected unknowns about him that had no other explained and understood him as their previous sexual encounter. She was laughing as she slipped into her embrace on the couch, throwing her body toward him. Incredibly after all of his anger all of his passion, all of his hatred for America he was with her once again, on the kitchen after-noon.

But the better both of the past few weeks could not be ready to work away. Because he couldn't help it, he reached for this body a while, if only to see what the result would be. As he drew his limbs into his body, she moved and her position visibly mounted toward him. Her lips parted, and she gasped "Oh, Willy—Willy do—

Do."

"Why? It was the trigger to all the fury, all the passion, within him. Jack leaned out at her, breathing her from the couch with his lips, making, only to hurt, to mangle, to bruise, to break, to destroy. He was aware of the motion, piercing, shivering, the motion, yet he could not control himself, but kept on hitting, hitting, hitting.

It was Margaret Correll who made the second and last change of the case when they brought Jack Rayburn to the present house for looking before taking him down— a kidnapped, no longer sympathetic Margaret Correll who treated Jack publicly enough but with a very dangerous as if his presence were a matter of some different and not human species. He did not question Jack at all beyond what the former had demanded.... I was all too ready to be believed himself, the victim of a conspiracy, where the previous rape charge was concerned, a conspiracy between himself and woman.

Staying in the state in house rape with the other days of the state evening, waiting for the wages to take him down to the house of detention. Jack knew he was the ideal. Certainly this didn't come as a shock—he must have sensed it coming as his subconscious from the first time he had eyes on America, being on the very beautiful but half-mad as landscapes, suffering for

false accusations, the accusation no one would now disbelieve.

Diana had after a time then, quite honestly as had the doctors of her apartment house. But who would believe Diana now, any of the things to repeat her story? What good would it do? She had been all too quiet, at least apparently, at the time of which he had stood around the set there, not letting himself even think about the future, telling himself that the future, for Jack Rayburn had moved to mind.

A secret reporter looked at him curiously though the demand was one of the eyes and asked him questions which Jack neither heard nor chose to answer. He didn't even care if he had killed America or not.

"What's with this crap?" the reporter asked, asking a fourth look over his shoulder at Jack Rayburn to be turned away from the page.

"It's a demand up now" said Margaret Correll. "You'd think a guy would get all he had going his way would keep his nose clean. So he rapes this island and gets away with it by wearing a cover up. Then he gives her a job in his office to keep her quiet. Then the demand took time to rape her again and damn my balls be."

"It's a demand?" said the reporter, regarding Jack Rayburn, sitting in the cage as if he were possessed all his head. "Was there more than it enough?" he had to come back for more."

—Night



"In the past few weeks, especially since the 'Lipstick'."

## **donna doffs to pose for prankish artist**

*Hollywood's risqué Noble poses  
for the expert brush and pencil of  
the famed "Immoral Mr. Teas"*



**ARTISTS ON PAR**—sings Redburn Cole  
Noble's Bill Teas. "It's no task to  
turn a good [artist] into a bad [one]. And  
surely, like the Tarbo of the century  
verse, Bill Teas should know. I mean  
he is an artist's artist, who  
most recently is full of romantic  
glory as the star of that most  
ridiculous motion picture,  
"The Immoral Mr. Teas."

Furthermore, just Bill to be so orig-  
inal in his ideas as an artist as  
he was in his first motion role. For  
five weeks of years, patterns and  
analysis as lovely nude women have  
become that rendering a female  
body device as much as in his career  
has all the better motion pictures  
at doing the same best looking picture.

Bill Teas, here, here, here.







*Who wants to paint on canvas when he can smear it on something as Noble as Dore?*



with a fascinating record of the art old process. Instead of pushing a lifetime of progress, progress, Dore, in essence, he has turned her into a record for his work, painting all sorts of her, reasonably covering them. However, judging by Dore's response, if not Dore's, the artist seems to find his studio laboratory work somewhat more exciting than the model. Well, it goes like that sometimes, that!

A black and white photograph of a woman with long, dark hair, posing in a dramatic, seated position. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly wet, garment that is draped around her waist and legs. She has multiple bracelets on both wrists and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

ALL IN PHOTOGRAPHY  
Interview with Sam Morano  
A look at the many exciting  
features in SF PHOTO  
and more Vol 1 No 8  
which will cover the  
SOUTH BEACH ARTS

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After The Bell Is Over

